THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

We gave a brief sketch of the early life of Richard Pigott in our last number. A brief history of the *Irishman* newspaper, of which Pigott became proprietor and editor, was also given, along with an account of how he had gained the confidence and learned the secrets of the Fenian organization, without having been a member of that body. Having two papers under his control, which were the reputed organs of the revolutionary movement, he was an influence to be reckoned with in whatever political movement of a constitutional character might exist in Ireland.

An antagonism of a more or less pronounced form obtained between the Fenian movement and the parliamentary agitation, since 1865. Pigott's papers, the *Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland*, occasionally fomented this hostile feeling for their owner's purposes, and frequently turned the results of it to his account. He succeeded in obtaining money from the Fenian body by representing to them that unless he was helped to keep his papers afloat in the interests of the cause of "real National independence," he would be compelled to ask help from the advocates of "the sham, or Constitutional, Nationality." From the leaders of the Home Rule movement he succeeded in obtaining large sums by similar tactics. We have told how Mr. Isaac Butt, Mr. Mitchell Henry—the then ardent advocate of home rule, the present no less ardent supporter of "Unionism"—and others gave Pigott a guarantee of £1,000 on the condition he would not allow his papers to be made the medium of attack upon the Home Rule League.

The virtual collapse of the Home Rule League, with the death of Mr. Butt, took from Pigott one means of raising the needful for himself and his declining papers. He was practically bankrupt in money and in influence when the Land League came into existence in 1879. The circulation of the *Irishman* had gone down almost to zero, and Pigott's character and reputation had followed suit. All Dublin knew of his scheming, cheating, and blackmailing propensities. His credit, pecuniary and political, was gone, and it was only a question of a short time until his papers would disappear too.

The Land League came upon the scene in October, 1879 Pigott attacked the new movement from its inception. He denounced it as an agitation for the destruction of the cause of National independence. His papers teemed with letters containing the same accusation. Mr. Davitt was singled out for special condemnation. He was arraigned as a traitor to Nationalist principles, and held up to opprobrium for joining the forces of constitutional agitation. All this was done for a purpose. Pigott was playing the old game of intimidation as a means of raising the wind. We regret to have to say he did not altogether play in vain.

The attack which was made by a party of Fenians upon the Land League meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 30th of April, 1880, was inspired, if not actually planned, in the office of Pigott's papers. Both the *Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland* of the following week gloated over the "demonstration" which the true Nationalism had made against "mercenary agitation" and "released political prisoners." Mr. Parnell became alarmed. So did many more of the prominent Land Leaguers, and, when, a few months subsequently, Pigott made a demand for money from the treasurer, Mr. Egan, a sum of £250 was paid with the consent of Mr. Parnell, notwithstanding an undertaking which had been given to Mr. Thomas Brennan and Mr. Davitt that the threats or demands of the proprietor of the *Irishman* would be unheeded.

The way in which Pigott succeeded in obtaining this relief was thoroughly characteristic of the man. During the months of August and September of 1880 he modified the tone of his papers towards the Land League agitation. Mr. Parnell was occasionally lauded. Mr. Egan came in for judicious praise also, and something good for the country was predicted as a result of the uprising of the people against landlordism. In October Pigott sent for Mr. Egan, and, in apparent great terror, showed him "a special order" which he declared had been served upon him by the executive of the I. R. B. It was a printed document—printed in the office of the *Irishman*, as the original copy, in Pigott's own handwriting, has fallen into the hands of the writer, and places this fact beyond all dispute. It reads as follows:

I. R. B.

SPECIAL ORDER, NO. 1 (NEW SERIES).

1. The *Irishman* newspaper and its auxiliary, the *Flag of Ireland*, being the reputed organs of the Nationalists of Ireland, the writings of their journals should be in full accord with the aspirations of those whom they claim to represent—the men who are laboring for the restoration of Ireland's National independence

2. For a number of years the proprietor and conductor of those journals has outraged the feelings of those in whose name said journals lived, moved, and had their being, by supporting every adventurer who appeared on the stage of Irish politics, from Butt to Parnell.

3. Recent writing of these journals in question, in propping up a Socialistic movement, headed by Land League agitators, are calculated to mislead the public, and to bring the name of Nationality into disrepute, because the inference will be drawn that an alliance has been formed with the National party and the designing knaves who are aided by those journals, and endeavoring to trade on their name.

4. Now it is hereby ordered that an end be put to such treasonable proceedings, and that Mr. Richard Pigott, as proprietor and editor of the *Irishman* and *Flag of Ireland*, be commanded to resume its advocacy of the National cause, and to eschew all moral force doctrines from the columns of said journals, or change the names of his papers for others, to be approved of by the executive authority who issue this order.

5. That this order be enforced by the general in command of the district in which the aforesaid journals are published, and due notice be given to the proprietor of the journals referred to, and to all whom it may concern. That this command herein named shall be complied with on and after the 1st day of November next, one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

6. The penalty of refusal is the forfeiture of the life of the said Richard Pigott.

It is inconceiveable that a man who was so well informed of Pigott's past exploits as Mr Egan could have been deceived as to the real authorship and purport of this document. He doubtless saw through the whole of it, and was influenced solely in making the grant of money to Pigott by a desire to stop him from inciting the Fenians to attack the Land League. Pigott agreed, in consideration of the £250, not to allow his papers to be made the medium of opposition to the League, but, needless to add, the agreement was not carried out. Pigott had found his way, as he thought, to the exchequer of the movement, and, as his necessities were a constant exercise to his scheming propensities, his demands for money became constant.

Meanwhile the Land League was growing in influence and power. The organization began to embrace the whole country, while an auxiliary league was being organized in America and Canada, from which large remittances were made every week to sustain the fight against landlordism. In the language of Sir Stafford Northcote, the Land League was "the *de facto* government of Ireland" at the beginning of 1881. Its enemies, naturally enough, became alarmed at the extraordinary spread of the movement, but especially at the growth of its financial resources. The landlord press in Ireland and the hostile English press began the game of assailing the administration of the funds of the league. The agitators were declared to be misappropriating moneys sent for the relief of evicted tenants. Members of parliament were charged with helping themselves liberally out of the league treasury, and so on, the object of these calumnious statements being to sow distrust in the public mind as to the honesty of purpose of the leaders of the league.

Pigott was not slow to avail himself of the means which this line of attack offered to his blackmailing practices. He wrote to Mr. Egan, informing him that two strangers, whom he suspected of being emissaries of Dublin Castle, had called upon him, and had offered him a sum of £300 if he would publish a certain document in the *Irishman*, which was to be an exposé of the squandering of the moneys of the league. This letter of Pigott's was read during the Parnell Commission. A few extracts from it will not be out of place here, as it was from this correspondence between Pigott and Mr. Egan we may date the origin of the conspiracy which eventuated in the publication of "Parnellism and Crime." It was, likewise, as it in poetic retribution, from the letters written by Pigott on this occasion and shortly afterwards, when the *Irishman* was sold to Messrs. Parnell and Egan, that the authorship of the forged letters was first discovered by Mr Patrick Egan.

In a letter, dated Feb. 27, 1881, Pigott told the following story:

I received an anonymous letter saying that two gentlemen would call upon me and make a proposition, which, if I accept, will turn out greatly to my advantage They came last Monday evening. The interview lasted a couple of hours, and, to make a long story short they asked me to publish a statement in the *Irishman*, which they showed me, and stated that I might name my own price for doing so . . . The thing purports to be a true statement of the expenditure of the League funds, and is, I think, an outrageous libel from beginning to end. It, however, makes very circumstantial charges, mentions names, gives dates, etc. . . . My own opinion is that the whole affair is a tissue of falsehoods; but it is so artfully done, and so apparently truthful, that its publication would, I think, be likely to do much harm.

How well the description of this plot of 1881, given by the man who was practically the author of the "Parnellism and Crime" of 1887, tallies with the plan and purpose of the Pigott Finnegan fabrication which produced the Parnell Commission!

Pigott went on to say, in the same letter: "But I have also ascertained certain things which make me conclude that the moving spirits of the affair are Castle people;" the writer winding up with a request that Mr. Egan should forward him £300 to relieve him from pecuniary difficulties which otherwise might tempt him to accept the money of the "two mysterious emissaries" from Dublin Castle. Mr. Egan, who was at this time in Paris, wrote a brief acknowledgment of Pigott's communication, to which the latter replied on the 9th of March in a further letter, from which the following are extracts:

The publication of the statement would be very damaging to the League, even though it may be proved to be mainly built up of fabrication. . . . My reason for thinking that the Castle people (the Irish government) are the prime movers is that articles have appeared in the *Express* with much the same tendency. . . . How you will see from the enclosed note that if I publish this document I will get £500, and will not be required to vouch for the correctness of any of the statements it contains. To come to the point, I am in desperate straits. I must have money somehow, or throw up the sponge at once. I cannot afford to let so lucky a chance pass of saving myself literally from ruin. No matter what the consequences are, I must and will take this offer unless you come to my assistance.

The "note" to which reference is made in this letter, and which Pigott asserts was sent to him by the Castle agents, was as follows:

MARCH 5, 1881.—Your decision is still anxiously awaited. You are not required to authenticate any of the statements made. You may even throw doubt upon them, and invite contradiction. You are only asked to print this document. Will wait another week for your answer, and if you agree to publish, £500 will be lodged to your credit in any bank you please in Dublin or elsewhere.

To this letter Mr Egan replied on the 11th of March, 1881, as follows:

SIR: As I understand your letter, which reached me today, it is a threat that unless I forward you money by Monday next you will close with the government, and, in consideration of a sum of £500, publish for them certain documents, which you believe to be false, against the League. Be it so. Under any circumstances I have no power to so apply any of the funds of the League; but even if I had the power I would not, under any circumstances, act upon it. Whenever any such accusations are made we will know how to defend ourselves.

The plot for the moral assassination of the Land League and its leaders, which "the two agents of Dublin Castle" attempted to set going in February, 1881, with the aid of Richard Pigott, was not abandoned, as the history of the Parnell Commission records.

No sooner had Pigott disposed of his papers in the ill advised purchase of them by Messrs. Parnell and Egan in August, 1881, than he began to put into execution the scheme of defamation which had been suggested to him by Dublin Castle in the February previous. Pigott was either the inspiration or the author of many of the attacks made upon the Land League for its falsely alleged identity with outrage and malversation of funds which appeared in leading landlord and Tory organs in Dublin and London from 1881 to the publication of "Parnellism and Crime." And it is only right to say that, years previous to the appearance of these libels in the *Times*, articles similar in character were contributed by Richard Pigott to such papers as the Dublin *Express*, the London *Standard*, *St James Gazette*, *Evening News*, *Morning Post*, the *Globe*, society journals like *Vanity Fair*, and other organs of anti Irish opinion. From December, 1881, down to the time in 1885 when Houston employed him to write an enlarged edition of the pamphlet "Parnellism," and commissioned him to proceed to New York, Pigott kept up a ceaseless attack upon the League and the Irish leaders in the columns of the above papers.

In 1883 4, during the excitement caused by the dynamite outrages which, as we have shown, were organized by James McDermott, who was in the pay of Mr. Jenkinson, of Dublin Castle, Pigott may be said to have been "the dynamite editor" of the *St James Gazette* and the *Evening News* (now the *Evening News and Post*). Articles and notes tracing the dynamite agitation to Land League policy, attacks upon Mr. Parnell and the more prominent of his lieutenants, denunciations of Mr. Gladstone's government for the extension of the franchise to Ireland were regularly contributed by Pigott to the above London papers. The fecundity of his pen in the task of assailing the Parnellites was only equalled by the readiness with which the organs of the Tory landlord party availed themselves of this man's services in blackening the characters of the Irish leaders. And the assistance which was thus rendered by this indefatigable "Unionist" to the enemies of the Land League, in the years mentioned, was tendered again and accepted, as we shall prove, by "Unionist" organizations and leading Unionist statesmen when Home Rule became the platform of the Liberal party in 1886, and another campaign of calumny became a necessary part of the opposition which was to be given to Mr. Gladstone's change of policy towards Ireland.

We will proceed to prove these statements by documentary evidence.

The first of the London Tory organs to print Pigott's fabrications was the *Standard*. The following letter is dated "October 8, 1881":

"THE STANDARD," EDITORIAL OFFICES, 103, 104, AND 105 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E. C.—*Dear Sir:* Mr. Mudford has forwarded me your letter and has asked me to see you, if you will favor me with a call. As I have his complete confidence in matters of this nature, you will see me that the object of your letter will have been attained quite as fully as though you had seen him. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon is the time when I am least engaged. I am, yours faithfully, G. BYRON CURTIS.

R. Pigott, Esq.

For a time Pigott got along most amicably with his patrons in the *Standard* office, but finally there was a "rift in the lute." He made a nasty suggestion to the effect that the editor had used the information which he had given in a contribution in a modified form in an article on the same lines. This was indignantly denied by Mr. Byron Curtis, who told Pigott that the information came from their Dublin correspondent. This gentleman was a prominent member of the *Irish Times* staff in Dublin, who, through this charge of Pigott's, learned, with no little surprise, that the ex-editor of the *Irishman* was a secret contributor to the *Standard*.

On Dec. 10 Pigott received from the *Standard* £11 16s 3d for contributions up to date. On the 24th of the same month, £20; on March 23, 1883, a further sum of £11 11s; while so late as Oct. 1, 1885, a letter was sent to Pigott from the *Evening Standard* explaining that some information inserted from Dublin was "independent of the report sent by you"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D. O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

ARRANMORE.

Miss Banim Continues Her Interesting Sketches of the Land of Bream and Brine.

Rocks That Are Covered with Fish and Flowers.

ARRANMORE.

Kilronan is the principal village, a very small but neat and comfortable one, consisting of one short street of cottages, before the first of which are the ribs of a whale, cast up on the shore in a storm, and now bleached white by sun and rain. Here, to the left, are the courthouse, the dispensary the parish priest's cottage, the latter glorified beyond all the rest by its bright little flower-knot between the low white wall on the roadside and the cottage itself.

Unlike villages in general, the main street of Kilronan is given up to the "private residences." A turn to the right a little beyond the whale's ribs, leads down to a snug little nest of houses where are the two strong shops and the post-office. All the cottages are either roofed with large flat stones or thatched, the thatch being covered with a network of rope, held down by heavy stones which hang from the eave. This mode of securing the roof is rendered necessary by the fierce Atlantic storms which sweep over the island with tremendous force.

Having, with our new companion and guide, Mary, taken this little view of the capital, we turned our backs on the houses, and, by a road leading southwards, set out for a ramble wherever fancy should lead us. At the moment, my fancy would have led me into the courthouse, where the magistrate (who had come in a canoe) was holding court. I should much have liked to witness the solemn grandeur of that court, and wondered what in the world could be found for a magistrate to do out here! But these dignitaries must earn their comfortable salaries, and so a couple of men are usually found by the police and brought to judgment on these official occasions. Perhaps they had a few warm words over a glass of poteen—or perhaps a drop of the poteen itself is in question. I fancy it was so on this occasion, for—later in the forenoon—I watched the magistrate (dressed in a sort of shooting costume) going to the corragh which was to convey him away, and certainly part of his luggage was a good sized jar such Jameson's whiskey is kept in on the mainland. I had the curiosity to ask what he wanted with this jar. The person I inquired of looked at me very gravely and said, "Didn't I think his honor would want a drink of water?" His honor must have required a good supply of water on the trip, and it was carried with exceeding great care, even partially wrapped in a coat.

GREAT ROCKS

Leaving behind us the courthouse, with its little group of fishermen looking in at the open door, we set off briskly southwards, having the bay and a low white strand on the left of the road, the solid rocks of Arran on the right. But what rocks! Every seam, every tiny opening, gave forth its flower or fern. Tufts of the dark leaves that I knew meant scented violets—white violets, Mary said they were—the bright blue heather bell in quantities; primrose leaves; woodbine drooping through blackberry branches; heart's tongue; maiden hair, and spleen worth ferns; wreaths of ivy; bushes of tiny wild rose which in June makes the rocks out of which it grows one sheet of rosy bloom; the hoary rock rose; ox eye daisies—flowers in every impossible spot. To look at those hard, cold stones, bare of any covering of earth, one would be at a loss to account for the existence of any plant, not to say of such luxuriance of blossoms as is rare in many a rich country. Wherever time, heat, or the work of the inhabitants in breaking up the surface of the rocks had made even of chink, there a seedling had taken root—had gone on, year after year, fertilizing, with the decay of its own leaves, the narrow groove that sheltered the root, and so making a deposit of fine mould that sends out all this beauty, to transform each rugged stone into what the natives, with genuine poet's license, call every division of their rocky territory—a garden.

The sands too proved full of inducements to stop now and again to enjoy what seems a pleasure to all, from childhood to old age—gathering the dainty little pink shells—coin shells the people here call them. These, as well as other shells, are in quantities about the inner circle made by the waves at high tide.

We had been joined in our walk by a pretty, bright little girl, neat and clean, about 10 years old, and quite ready, and able too, to spell the name of every object around us; not a word did she miss, and very few mistakes did she make in such small sums as—how many shells should she have left for herself, "supposing" she brought home twelve and gave two each to her four little sisters? How many chickens would come out of a clutch of ten eggs, supposing two were bad to begin with and the thunder addled three more? As she answered me so frankly and intelligently, I thought that if this little child, in her simple island dress—a red petticoat, a little cotton frock pinned up like her mother's and neat pampootys on the tiny feet—were landed suddenly in some fine city drawingroom, among children of her own age, be-laced, be-velveted, and precocious in matters of worldly wisdom, how the spoilt young fashionables would stare and politely giggle at the little Irish peasant. Yet Kitty could speak two languages fluently and well, could spell and read better than ninety per cent of the children of advanced civilization, and had those most attractive of manners—the naturally natural.

Continuing our walk, the road led us on under the stony hill, where, at long intervals, could be seen the tiny patches of ground made by the

HARD TOIL OF THE PEOPLE.

Naturally, there is not a spot of earth on any of these islands; but the law of their owners, since the English gained possession of them, has been to exact from every tenant that a certain portion of the rock shall be broken up, sea sand and seaweed carried up, load by load, by the men and women, and thus gradually accumulated on the spot partially cleared of the upper crust of stone; but when this little patch of land is made, it is appraised by him who says he owns the stones, and the maker henceforth has the privilege of paying a smart rent for what the labor of his own and his children's hands has made. Of course these little spots of earth are but shallow layers on a solid stone foundation, so that a dry season means the total failure of the crop of potatoes or oats—almost the only crops grown. At the best of times it is just barely possible to meet the rent with the help of the kelp and fish, which at best do not bring in very much, but when the potatoes fail, every available penny is swallowed up by the rent; often it cannot be met at all, and then famine and eviction are the fate of the islanders.

A marvellous sight are the broad tables of solid flag that border the highway, and as we look up at the bare, shining hills of limestone and see nothing but sand and stone and sea, as far as the eye can reach, we find it almost impossible to realize that over three thousand human beings live on these island deserts, and, until quite recently, when the land commissioners made some much needed reductions in the rents, paid £3,000 per annum for permission to inhabit the place and use the bits of land they themselves had made.

With the exception of the landlord, and perhaps of his agent, all who see the place are of the same opinion as Mr. Labouchere, one of the cleverest of English journalists; here are that gentleman's words, taken from *Truth:*

"I give it as my deliberate opinion that the inhabitants of Arranmore ought, in justice, to pay no rent whatever. There is nothing in Arran of any value at all which has not been fished up out of the sea by the poor people. The island is as much theirs as if they had made it with their own hands. With their own hands they have, most truly and literally, made it, so far as it is, a place capable of supporting human life. They ought to stand absolutely rent free. I declare, if I were an Arran man, I would sooner throw my rent into the Atlantic Ocean than pay it to any landlord whatever."

ONE OF THE VAST FLAGS

has been turned to account for the pleasure of the children, and makes a level and unbroken floor for a fine racket court, where a number of truants from school were having a game as we passed, our guide suggesting that the little lads should pose for a sketch which she thought would be a very pretty one. Here too, along either side of the road, are memorial crosses erected on this, the way to the cemetery, by the different families whose relatives lie in the burial ground about a mile and a half further on. These monuments are almost exactly similar to those to be found in Britanny, and are here very numerous. A square pillar, surmounted by a smaller square erection, in the face of which are inserted two slabs bearing the names of the persons to whose memory they are erected; the whole surmounted by a cross on which is, in some cases, a rudely carved crucifixion. The monuments are in groups—sometimes three, sometimes six or more, and near them are cairns, or heaps of stones, piled up by those accompanying a funeral, each person at the funeral adding a stone to the heap. I think the idea a beautiful one, of thus bearing in mind, by the daily sight of these monuments, the friends gone before. There is nothing saddening in being reminded that we shall one day rejoin those we have loved, nor is there anything depressing about the wayside crosses; they are out in broad sunshine; the bay sparkles behind them, and thousands of ferns and flowers beautify them and hide the hard, stern rocks on all sides. I stood on one flag beside a group of crosses and counted thirty different plants in full bloom, growing in wild luxuriance from out every crevice around my feet. If the islanders were only ethereal enough to be able to live on flowers, they could never know want—but, graceful and charming though they be, flowers will only fill the eye, and, from a practical point of view, the contrast between the plenteousness of hanging brambles, lace like ferns, and bright blossoms, and the smallness and scarcity of the little patches of potatoes or corn, must at times strike sadly on the hearts of poor fathers and mothers with eight or ten little children to be fed every day.

Many of those same poor fathers and mothers were to be seen about the village of Killeany, which lies about a mile to the south of Kilronan, and still on the eastern shore; a very poor village, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, whose trade scents the air less poetically than the flowers. But, as I said before, the people can't live on blossoms, and the bream and other fish which they dry here are the staple commerce of the fishermen, who take the dried fish in loads to Galway, getting about 5s per hundred for them. The bream are prepared by the very simple process of splitting them open and drying them in the sun, and all around Killeany the stone walls are to be seen covered with the ugly, staring fish.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

The correctness of the maxim "nothing succeeds like success" is well exemplified in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most successful combination of alteratives and tonics, it always succeeds in curing diseases of the blood, and hence its wonderful popularity.

OBITUARY.

MRS. T. T. TOBIN.

Margaret Clery Tobin, wife of Mr. T. T. Tobin, of the firm of Tobin & Hamler, died at her late residence, 617 Chestnut street, Englewood, on Tuesday, Dec. 2d, in the 43d year of her age. She had been ailing, more or less, for the past few years, but in June last was feeling sufficiently well to pay a long promised visit to her relatives in the east. She spent seven weeks at Newport, but the chill, damp winds prevalent there had the effect of re-establishing a rheumatic affection from which she had previously suffered. All that love and care could compass—she had her devoted husband and son and sisters with her—was done, but she returned to Chicago only to endure a long period of intense suffering, ending at last in a happily peaceful release.

Mrs. Tobin was a woman of noble presence, and her outward appearance was but a reflex of her character. A heart quick to be touched, a royal generosity, an unswerving devotion to her faith, her home, her friends, and to the old land of her forefathers, were all hers. She had no personal knowledge of Ireland, but because it had been the home of the fine old stock whence she had come, she loved and honored it, and the glorious old songs and traditions of the Blackwater and the Waterford country, had always power to stir and charm her.

Of her loyal affection to the home and family blessed by her love and care, and to the friends whom her loveable character had drawn about her, of the intense fervor of her faith, all know who have been privileged to know her. Her friend of many years, Rev. E. T. Dunne, brought hot tears of grief to the eyes of those assembled at her requiem mass on Friday last, as he reviewed the history of the beautiful, honored life cut off so untimely. But none are too good for our Lord. He brings home His beloved in the seasons He appoints, and poor mortal tears and pleadings are in vain. We may call and implore in our anguish that the eyes that we have loved, the kindly, tender eyes in which the very light of our lives is, may not yet be closed upon us, we may hold the hands, the generous, helpful, unselfish hands in a clasp of agony, beseeching that they may not be withdrawn from us, but the Father knows what is best. He takes His dearest to Himself, and we can only utter our heart broken prayer, "Thy will be done." And so, under the mournful, wintry skies, with the wild December wind wailing through the leafless trees of Mount Olivet, the bereaved husband and son and daughters and friends saw the one who was so inexpressibly dear, laid away from their earthly sight forever.

The orphaned family consists of four sons and four daughters. Four sisters survive Mrs. Tobin: Mrs. [illegible] Roseyne, of Newport, Mass.; Mrs. [illegible]roedee, of San Francisco; and Misses Nellie and Katharine Clery.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Dr. Koch's method of cure in tubercular diseases is being adopted by several of the Dublin hospitals.

It is proposed to have Limerick, Carlow and Killarney lighted by electricity.

Last week Messrs. Davies, Warrington and Taylor, Garston, executors of the late Mrs. Eliza Gill, of Bray, Wicklow, and formerly of Lancashire, paid over to Mr. C. S. Parnell, M. P., the sum of £1,895, bequeathed to him by Mrs. Gill, out of regard for his services to the cause of Ireland.

The parishioners of Newbridge purpose erecting a memorial to the late lamented parish priest, Rev. M. Nowlan, P. P.

A French syndicate of mining proprietors have purchased the interest in Dundoe gold mine, Dunmanus, county Cork, from the present lessee, for about £20,000.

The restoration of the ancient Catholic cathedral of Kildare—"Kildare's holy fane," celebrated in song and story—is about to be resumed.

The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has memorialized the Episcopal board of the Catholic training colleges in favor of the introduction of the study of Irish into those colleges, with a view of its being taught by the teachers throughout the country.

Very Rev. Father Vincent Grogan, late provincial of the Passionist Order in Ireland, has been appointed visitor general to the Australian province.

Mr. Thomas E. Ryan, of 11 Raglan road, Dublin, deputy governor of the bank of Ireland, died suddenly on Nov. 16th.

Captain Mark S. Maunsel, Oakley Park, Celbridge; Francis Colgan, Esq., J. P., Enfield; and John Gannon, Esq., J. P., Maynooth, have been nominated for the office of high sheriff of Kildare.

On Nov. 18th, before the vice chancellor, Mr. Edward Brealin, J. P., was declared the purchaser of the property of the company in Ovoca and the Arklow Chemical Works, at the price of £3,450.

An address and presentation have been made to Rev. F. M'Cullagh, C. C., Banagher, by the people of Cloonmany, amongst whom he served for eight years as curate.

The Rev. J. P. Canning, C. A., Westport, has received most generous aid from his grace the archbishop and the clergy of the archdiocese of Tuam towards the building of a church in honor of St. Patrick, to be erected at Lecanvey.

PERHAPS no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

REDMOND'S STORY.

"Why, Eugene," said the new attendant, "Wake, man! Rouse yourself! What's amiss with you? Why don't you speak? Don't you know me?"

"I think I do, Redmond, though I can hardly believe the evidence of my senses," said Eugene when he had recovered the power of speaking. "Where did you come from? What brought you here?"

"It would be a long story to tell, and when I think over it myself I can hardly believe it. But if my presence is a wonder to you, yours is still more so to me. When did you leave Seamore, and why?—And of all places in the world to find you here!—But I see you are too weak for much conversation. Wait a moment till I shall bring you something to strengthen you."

He departed, and soon returned with a bottle and a tumbler in his hand.

"You are evidently a person of some importance here, Eugene, for orders have been given that your treatment shall be of the best. Take this. You will find it will do you much good. There! that's better."

Eugene took a little of the liquor which was handed him, and found himself a good deal refreshed and strengthened thereby.

"That's what we poor fellows before the mast do not often get," said his companion pleasantly.

"Before the mast!" said Eugene, with perplexed surprise.

"Yes, Eugene, that's about the position I now find myself in."

"Redmond," said the prisoner, "this world latterly has become full of unexpected incidents to me, but this is the most unexpected of all. Sit down and tell me all about it. I feel myself still scarcely able to believe that it is you are here, and that I am not suffering under some of the illusions of my illness."

"You may readily believe it, then, Eugene. A very unpleasant thing for myself, I assure you."

"And how did it come about?"

"Well, Eugene, a few words will tell you as well as if I spent a month in the narration. You remember the night we went into Dublin together from Seamore."

"Yes, perfectly. It was on that night I left."

"You, too?"

"Yes; but don't heed me for the present. Go on with your story."

"Well that night I had an appointment with a friend—a mutual friend I should say, perhaps—Trevor Mortimer."

"Yes."

"He asked me to meet him that night at the Eagle in Eustace street—that he had urgent occasion for my presence on business of importance—and to keep the matter secret. This of course I readily assented to, and did meet him, as appointed He told me the business on which he required me had been postponed, and we stopped together for some time; not there, but in another hotel in Dame street. We had some wine, and I cannot to this hour know how it was that my head became so confused and my feet so unsteady, considering the very limited quantity I had taken. But so it was; I felt that all ordinary perception was gone from me, and that I could scarcely balance myself on my feet. Mortimer wondered at it too, and suggested that we should walk along the quays, where the clear cold air of the river might restore me. That much I remember clearly, but very little more. I have a vague remembrance of seeing the river, with the lights flashing thereon—of wondering how confusedly the houses adjoining it seemed to cluster around me. I remember vaguely a sudden blow on the head, which struck me to the ground, and I found myself, in a few moments after, falling with a splashing shock into the river. I remember nothing thereafter until I found myself in a vessel at sea."

"Where was Mortimer?"

"I have not the slightest remembrance of his company after I left the hotel None. He may have been with me, or he may not. Probably the latter, because on thinking over the matter since, I have come to the conclusion that after I had been struck I was lifted and flung over the wall into the river. If Mortimer had been there he would not have permitted that."

"It is a very extraordinary story."

"So it is. You have it now just as I know it myself."

"Who could have struck you?"

"I have not the slightest conception—nor could any amount of thinking give me the least clue."

"You had no quarrel with any one—no enemy?"

"I had no quarrel with anyone, and no enemy in the world that I knew of. If I had he must have been a very causeless one."

"It was clearly an attempt to murder you."

"I can see no other intention there could be. They went—whoever they were that did it—in the most certain way to effect their purpose. It is very extraordinary, is it not? considering the mysterious attempt that had been made on Mortimer himself previously. Who could have done it?"

"It is very extraordinary," said Eugene slowly—"very. What makes it the more so in my mind is that Mortimer, whom I saw later on that night, said he had not seen you."

"Not seen me! You must be under a mistake, Eugene—or have forgotten his words."

"I may not remember the exact words, Redmond, but," said Eugene, slowly and thoughtfully, "he certainly gave me, in some way, undoubtedly to understand that he had not seen you. I was anxious about you, inasmuch as I wished to see you before leaving Seamore."

"That brings me to the point I was anxious about. Why did you leave Seamore, and how did you come to be here?"

Eugene told him in a few words, the circumstances of which the reader is already aware.

"Your story is nearly as strange as my own," said Redmond, when he had ended. "Is it not a wonderful circumstance that we should meet here again—here of all places on earth? One never knows what is in store for him, they say, but he should have been gifted with a wonderful amount of prophesy who could have foretold that, when last we parted, we should meet again under these circumstances"

"It was God sent you here, Redmond. Sit closer to me. I have something to say to you that none but your own ears must hear," whispered Eugene cautiously.

Redmond moved nearer to him, and in whispers Eugene conveyed to him the purport of the conversation he had heard passing between the doctor and the captain whilst they believed him still in a state of unconsciousness.

"This is a dreadful fate in store for you, my poor Eugene," said Redmond, with much alarm.

"It is," assented the latter. "If I am once placed in an English prison, I feel certain I shall never come out of it alive. Judging from the French officers I have seen liberated after confinement of a year or two, I verily believe that it would be better not. For they were complete wrecks—ruined alike in body and mind."

"What do you propose doing?"

Eugene lifted himself with difficulty on his elbow and whispered into the other's ear—

"Escaping."

Redmond started.

"It is impossible," he said, after an alarmed pause. "And, even if possible, to attempt it would certainly end in your recapture or death."

"Not the former, certainly; the latter, very possibly or probably. But even that would be infinitely preferable to imprisonment in the hulks. But we shall talk over it again. I am not at present strong enough to make any attempt—even an attempt to get out of bed, or even raise myself."

"You have had a sad time of it, my poor fellow," said Redmond compassionately, as he glanced at the pallid face and weakened form of his friend. "Better fall into the hands of the press gang, even as I did, than run the perils you have run. Fortunate fellow, Mortimer to have escaped them."

"Do you know, Redmond," said Eugene, after a period of silence in which both were sunk in thoughtfulness, "I have some doubts about Mortimer's doings in this whole business?"

"You have?"

"I really have. Has it ever occured to yourself that his conduct on that night is somewhat inexplicable?"

"You have struck on a thought that has often arisen in my own mind. But I have always banished it with the reflection—what motive could he have? None."

"I can't speak as to his motives," said Eugene, "but the fact that a little drink had such a unusually stupefying influence suggests to me——"

"That it was drugged," said Redmond, seeing that the prisoner hesitated.

"Something of that kind," assented Eugene very thoughtfully. "Then surely, having induced you to walk on the quays, he could and should have taken better care of you."

"Unless he, too, was attacked and overpowered. I have often thought of that."

"I am afraid you must banish that thought from your head. You must remember I saw him afterwards."

"By Jove, yes! I had forgotten that," said Redmond with sudden revulsion of feeling. "You are quite certain it was afterwards you saw him?"

"There can be no doubt of it, from what you say," said Eugene slowly. "But that is not all. I am inclined to think that some of my misfortunes are attributable to him. You remember that evening on which we came into Dublin, and on which a letter had come for me?"

"Yes, quite clearly."

"That letter was opened before I got it. It was in the drawingroom, and he was there, as you remember, before I entered. It struck me at the time as curious; but the incident, with the other pressing matters that followed, was banished from my head. I now remember it anew, and in the light of what you have told me, it crops up in my mind with fresh suspicions"

"What interest would he have in your letter?"

"That I can only vaguely guess at."

"What was the subject of it?"

"Why it somewhat incautiously hinted the fact of a messenger having hurriedly come across from France, and the tenor of his message was that I should leave Ireland at once—that night if possible—which I accordingly did. It was a matter of wonderment to me how surely we were seized on our passage before we were twenty-four hours at sea."

"Who did the letter come from?"

"It came from the secretary of the United Irishmen in Dublin.——You will forgive me, Redmond, for not having told you this before, but my chief business to Ireland—independently of seeing old friends at Seamore—was to carry out on the part of France the arrangements to aid the Irish revolutionary party. I could not have told you this without violating the order of secrecy I had received."

"This seems to me to be nearly as strange as the rest of the news I have heard," said Redmond, with amazement on his countenance.

"That is so, however," said Eugene anxiously, as he saw the unpleasant expression depicted on his friend's face, and grew afraid his statement might cause injurious doubts to arise in his breast, "but you must remember, Redmond, I had pledged my word of honor as a French officer to reveal no word of my mission. I was therefore under the unpleasant dilemma of accepting your friendship and hospitality whilst concealing my true character, or of leaving Seamore and residing elsewhere, which latter I should have done with regret—for those in Seamore were very dear to me."

He spoke with no small emotion, which was not unnoticed by Redmond, who said:

"As possibly you may be aware, Eugene, I sympathize but little with the views held by that body; but, after all, I do not see that you should be the less welcome to Seamore because of any political views or sympathies you may hold. Nor, indeed, now that I think over it, was there any reason why you should have stated your business openly. It only concerned yourself. What did concern us was—that you were welcome to us and that your stay made the place very delightful to us. We shall not speak of that matter again. And as you are, I can see, exhausted with so much talking, I fancy we shall postpone all further mention of the subject until tomorrow—which I shall do early, unless I am prevented. Your words have made me as anxious as yourself to leave this. I am in grave doubts, after our conversation, as to how matters may be with Helen at Seamore; but we shall talk over matters tomorrow, if possible, in regard to it."

They parted—Redmond to return to his duties in the vessel in quality of his newly acquired position as pressed seaman, and Eugene to rest himself and try to sleep.

But sleep was far from his eyes.

Curiously enough, both were occupied by the one thought. It was Helen's position at Seamore.

The strangeness of the circumstances attending Redmond's finding himself one of the crew of the Thunderer, and the new and unaccustomed duties he had to perform, prevented his being able to think connectedly about her previously. He had, indeed, often felt pained and worried when he thought of the uneasiness she must have experienced at his unexplained absence—a circumstance which the strict rules of the service, forbidding pressed seamen from communicating with their friends, prevented any possibility of avoiding. But now Eugene's words awakened suspicions perfectly distracting in themselves and ceaselessly harrying his mind. What could have been Mortimer's object if these suspicions were true—and they were not without a reasonable amount of foundation—he who had so long been his friend and intimate? Moreover, he was Helen's acknowledged suitor, and this circumstance (which for some reason not quite clear to himself, Redmond felt reluctant to mention to Eugene) made any treachery on his part the more strange and unaccountable. But, on the other hand, where had he been the moment when the unseen hand had struck himself down, and murderous hands had thrown him into the water? Could Mortimer himself have done the——

But no; the suspicion was ungenerous and unjust Mortimer could never have known of it.

With all these considerations balancing in his mind, he felt an unaccountable dread of misfortune happening to Helen, and a growing desire to get back—come what would—to Seamore.

He tossed restlessly in his hammock, thinking how this could be accomplished, but vainly. He could form no idea of how it could be effected. Escape seemed impossible.

Eugene was similarly occupied. He, too, was full of anxiety to get to Seamore. He felt strongly convinced of Mortimer's treachery, and was full of fear that in the absence of her brother he might prevail on the unbefriended girl to marry him The very thought that this could be the case—that she was lost to him for ever—was perfectly maddening. Even while they were thus waiting about on the sea his rival's wiles might be taking effect.

Finally, and as the result of these maddening conjectures, he made up his mind. He would at all risks make his escape or die in the attempt. Better that than live in suspense as to how she fared. To think of spending years in prison without hearing of or seeing her, or learning how she was!

Years!—the very word sounded like an eternity to him!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Medine Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN DARA ROINN.

Faire! budh, chiaon ſi tar éis a n-dubhairt me,
Do ghiaſainn gur shaor ſ fae na cionnta,
Acht bheirim do'n phláigh ſ, lá mar chídhinn ſ,
Leacaighthe láimh le Gáirle siute,
Caite air an ród gan óriach fúighthe,
Ag gramaisg na móna air bhóithre Dhúire,
M tongantas ann ós cionn mo chéille,
'S orithim go fann le sgannradh an ngéil sin,
Isi bheith seang nuair theann gach aon ſ,
'S druidim le clann nuair theanntaig féin ſ!
Budh mt ór na grása le ráth é m-briathradh,
Nótmeini spáis nior ghádh le iarradh,
O léaghadh air bórd éc cómhair na n-daoine,
An t *Ego Vos*, a d'órdaig Iosa,
Gur shéid sí lacht go bleacht na na eíochadh,
Seacht mi beacht, 's a seachtmhuin chinte,
Breathnaig gur baoghal do'n té tá sgaoilte,
Ceangal go h-éag fó thaobh do'n chuing seo,
A sealbh gach réad, 's éad dá shuathadh,
A naisge, mo léan! mo léighean ní bh-fuaras!
Is feasach do'n taobhso dho'n t-saogal mar bhí mé
Sealad dam réim 's dam laethibh poimpe,
Leathadach, láidir, lán do shaidhbhreas,
Oisteas le fágnail, 's fáilte am theaghlach,
Carald a g-cáirt 's cómgnamh dílgn 'gam,
Ceannas 's clú a g-cór na saoithe,
Tathag am chaſat,—suim 's éiefacht,
Talamh 's maoin a suigheamh mo chéille
M'aigne sítheach, 's m'latin rásta,
Gur chailleas le mnaoi mo bhrigh 'smo shláinte!
Budh thaithneamhach, leabhair, an erobhaire mná ſ,
Bhidh seasamh, 's com, 's cóbhail, 's cuámha 'ci,
Casa 'na cúl go búclach, treflíseach,
Lasa 'na gcúis go lóurach, soflíseach,
Cuma na h-ógh uirthe, 's sógh 'na gáire,
'S cuireadh 'na clódh chum póige 's fáilte!
Acht creathaim le fonn, gan chabhair, gan chairde,
O bhathas go bonn, go d-tabharfainn gráidh dhi,
Is dearbh gan dóbhta air domhan gur dí dtas
Danardha, donn, dam thabhairt air m'aimhleas,
D'fhearthainn go trom air bhonn mo ghiomhartha,
O fhlathas le fonn, do lom 'na líon me,
Da snadhmag suighte snaidhm na clóire,
'S ceangláig sian a g-cuing le chéile,
Do ghlanas gan chintseacht suim gach dílimh,
Bhaineas le gaois 's baois an lae sin,
Bhí cothram go léór,—nior chóir me cháine,
'Sdo stopas an gleó bhí ag cóip na sráide,
Bhí na bacaig go léir, 'san ciéireach nádúr,
An asgart ro bhuidheach, 's b'fhéidir fáth leis.
Do lasamair tóirsi-he, 's cómharsain eruion ann,
'Sdo leagadh air bórd chúghainn mór-chuid bídhe ann,
Bhidh clagarnach chéoil 's ól gan chuimse,
'S chathamair cóisir mhórtach, mhúidhteach
Mo dhíth, gan easbadh, nár tachtadh le biadh me,
An óidhche baisteadh me, no as san gur fhiarr me,
Seoch-ine air leabadh le h-ainfhir do leath me
'Sdo sgaoil le gealaig gan charaid, gan chiall, me.
Is é tárag oirthe gheibhinse ag og, 's ag aosda,
Gur brealáu spórt ag ól's ag glaodhach ſ,
A m-bothán ósda, 's búird dá b-pléasgadh,
Air lár na lósta ag pósta 's aontadh.
Dob' fhada dá mheilt a teist 'na tuairisg,
Dob' fhada gur chreid me bheag ná mhór de,
Dob' eaglach le gach beirt dá g-cualadh é,
Go rachainn am dheilt am gheilt gan tuairisg.
Fós, ní ghéillinn, caoch mar bhí me,
Do ghlór gan éifeacht aon do mhuídhia é,
Acht maga nó gréidhin gan féidhim, gan chéill,
Gur aithris a broiun dam deimhin gach ngéil.
Nior chómhrádh leamhair ná dúrtam bréige é,
Acht labhair an bheart a g-ceart 'sa n-éifeacht,
'S bhróun sí mac a bh-fad rotmh rae dham!

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BYRNE—At his residence, Baltinglass, Nov. 18, Michael Byrne.

CRANWILL—At his residence, No. 2 Vernon parade, Clontarf, Nov. 19, Thomas Smith Cranwill, in his 78th year.

DOOLEY—At the Glebe, Coolraine, Mountrath, Queen's county, Sarah, wife of Michael Dooley.

SADLEIR—At Southsea, Nov. 15, Maryanne Frances Moore Sadleir, widow of the late Nicholas Sadleir, Nelson street, Tipperary.

DAVIS—At St. Patrick's Home, South Circular road, Dublin, Nov.14, Mrs.Davis, late of Booterstown.

MCQUAIL—At Ferney Park, Monasterboice, Nov. 15, Anne, widow of the late Christopher McQuail, at an advanced age.

MCEVOY—At 123 Capel street, Dublin, Patrick McEvoy, late of Main street, Thurles.

NORRIS—At Belview, Cartown, county Louth, Nov. 15, Mary, widow of the late John Norris.

O'CONNELL—At the Union, Macroom, Andrew O'Connell, aged 25.

MURPHY—At St. Patrick's Hospital for Incurables, Wellington road, Cork, Nov. 14, Honora, relict of the late John Murphy, corn buyer, John street distillery.

GUILLY—At Scott's square Queenstown, Nov. 13, James Guilly, aged 75.

BALDWIN—At Macroom, Nov. 13, James W. Baldwin, aged 29.

ANDREWS—At 68 Lower Glanmire road, Cork, Nov. 11, George Henry, eldest son of Richard Andrews.

FITZGERALD—At her residence, Lisarda, Nov 14, Ellen, relict of the late Daniel Fitzgerald, aged 70.

BROWNE—At Gorey, Nov. 11, Sarah, relict of the late Edward Browne.

DORAN—At the Parochial House, Castlebridge, Nov 12, the Very Rev. M. Canon Doran, P P, in the 82d year of his age and the 53d of his sacred ministry.

LOCKHART—Nov. 17, Albert Thomas Lockhart, teacher, Mulladuff National School, county Armagh, aged 23, son of Samuel Lockhart, Mulladuff, Castleblayney, (being three adult sons, of pneumonia, in nine months). Eil, Eil lama sacac thanit!

MCKENDRY—At the residence of his mother, Hillhead, Castledawson, Nov. 18 John, eldest surviving son of the late James McKendry.

MAY—At Rathfeigh, county Meath, Nov 18 Patrick May, aged 71.

MULLARKEY—At Rockmount, Kilkee, county Clare, Nov 9, Anne, widow of the late John Mullarkey, Esq., D L, R.I.C., late of Ballincollig, county Cork.

BYRNE—At Rossles, county Monaghan, Nov. 17, Michael Byrne, son of the late Michael Byrne, Aughcoloughan, county Monaghan, aged 27.

DOOLEY—At Gurrane Lodge, Oranmore, Nov. 20, Patrick Dooley, aged 64.

MCGLEW—At Nagshead, Naul, Nov.19, Patrick McGlew, aged 67.

O'CALLAGHAN—At his brother's residence, Rosagh, Ballymachugh, county Cavan, Nov. 12, Rev. Philip O'Callaghan, late of Trinidad, aged 56.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His description of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid conribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861 5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE IRISH SITUATION.

Both Sides Are Apprehensive of the Future.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE HIERARCHY.

It Is Read in All the Churches of Ireland and Proclaims the Necessity for the Overthrow of Parnell—Healy Hanged in Effigy at a Meeting of Irishmen in Phœnix Park—Other Foreign Notes of Interest.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The exciting events which so rapidly succeeded each other in the Irish camp on Saturday, and which had their dramatic culmination in the withdrawal of the majority and the reorganization of the Irish Nationalist parliamentary party under the leadership of Mr. Justin McCarthy were succeeded by a Sunday, which if not the most restful of Sabbaths, was welcome for the measure of relief it brought to the strained nerves of all parties to the recent conference. It was not by any means a day of absolute quiet for some of the honorable gentlemen, however. There was much anxious comparing of notes as to how the position growing out of the deposition of Mr. Parnell would affect the great body of the Irish people, who in this severe trial of their country must sit as the court of last resort.

The Cables Kept Busy.

Consultations were being held in private residences and at friendly clubs as to the manifestoes which are to be respectively issued to the people of Ireland by the majority and minority factions of the dead and gone conference. During the entire day and late into the night the cables under St. George's channel were kept busy conveying to and fro telegrams of anxious inquiry and cautious reply. Parnellites and anti-Parnellites alike crowded the wires with urgings to their parliamehtary representatives to "Stand firm;" to "Let no man play the Cæsar;" to "Stand up and be counted for the man that made them," etc. The only hopeful thing about this electric shower of abuse and counter abuse was well expressed by a weary Irish commoner standing in the general telegraph office, when he said: "At all events, they none of them forget to say 'God Save Ireland.'"

The Hierarchy Manifesto.

Over in Ireland there was that transpiring which cannot fail to exercise a mighty influence upon the minds of four millions of her people when the action of her parliamentarians is submitted to them for final review. The reports from that country are to the effect that extraordinary numbers of the peasantry everywhere attended the little crucifix-surmounted chapels at which was read to them the manifesto of the hierarchy of the Holy Roman church in Ireland. This manifesto told them how a few day since, at the capital of their nation, the most eminent and respected of their acclesiastics had solemnly proclaimed the moral necessity for the overthrow of him who but a few weeks since was the most beloved and trusted political leader the Irish people ever had.

Apprehensive of the Future.

Monday morning not much could be learned from the Irish commoners. What little they did say was of the most general nature. Both sides are really exceedingly apprehensive of the future, while both profess confidence that its developments will favor their particular views. Mr. Parnell's friends say the events of the present week will go far to show his ability to surmount present difficulties, as he has all others which have gone ahead. They are certain, so they assert, of the unalterable loyalty of Ireland to their chief and hers. Those things which seem to militate against him, they declare, have been anticipated and discounted, and the Irish people will avoid those leaders who seek to tempt them across the shifting Gladstonian quicksands in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp.

An Irish Rebellion.

The enemies of the deposed leader, who are busily engaged in efforts to establish a new paper and provide a fund wherewith to secure the payment of the parliamentary salaries, content themselves by pointing to the record of the late conference; the fact that they are the actual majority of the Nationalist parliamentary party, and that if home rule is to be obtained the only alternative to an English Liberal alliance is an Irish rebellion. They do not expect a single gentleman of the minority to pay any attention to Mr. McCarthy's call for his meeting.

What The Freeman's Journal Says.

DUBLIN, Dec. 8.—The Freeman's Journal, commenting on the Irish Nationalist situation, Monday morning says that on its own responsibility, and without recommending it to either side with any motive beyond its reasonableness it earnestly advocates that immediate efforts be made in the direction of conciliation and peace. That this may be more effectively and rapidly accomplished, The Journal urges the return to Paris forthwith of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and their colleagues now in America. Immediately upon their arrival in Paris, the paper suggests that the entire parliamentary delegation, or delegates from each section thereof, proceed to that city and there, with a full knowledge of all that has happened, decide with the American delegates upon the future course of the Irish party. Such a conference, the article concludes, would prove the desire of both sections to hold the party together.

Healy Burned in Effigy.

DUBLIN, Dec. 8.—The public meeting in Phœnix park Sunday to express the sense of the people upon the dissension among the parliamentary leaders over the question of the chairmanship was only moderately attended, on account of the cold weather. The mayor presided, and moved a resolution indorsing Parnell as alone fitted to lead the nation. He condemned the Healyits, whose independence, he said, had been sapped by English wire-pullers. The resolution was unanimously adopted. Mr. Healy's effigy was burned by the meeting. Various other meetings were held in Ireland Sunday at which resolutions favoring Parnell were adopted.

The Meeting of the Majority.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—In accordance with the circular issued by Chairman McCarthy, there was a very full attendance of the Irish Nationalist majority present, when at 2 o'clock Monday McCarthy called the meeting to order. The Parnellite members were absent, they having ignored the circular call, copies of which were served upon them. Abraham, Dillon, Healy, O'Brien, A. O'Connor, T. P. O'Connor, Sexton and Sheehy were appointed as the consultation committee which is to advise with and assist McCarthy in deciding upon and executing the future policy of the party. The meeting then adjourned for the day.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The Injection Killed the Girl.

VIENNA, Dec. 8.—At Innsbruck a girl aged 17 years, who had been inoculated with the curative lymph of Kr. Koch, died Friday night in the hospital. The injection was a weak one, the lymph having been purposely weakened. Paralysis was the immediate cause of death. The young woman was powerless to resist successfully the reaction. There are in the hospital five other patients who were inoculated at the same time, all of whom are doing well.

Wanted to Challenge Parnell.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—O'Gorman-Mahon, member of the house of commons for Carlow, who presented Mr. Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea, recently expressed a desire to challenge Mr. Parnell to a duel, and it is believed he would have done so had it not been for the remonstrances of his physician. The physician's objections to a meeting were based on the O'Gorman-Mahon's age, he being 87 years old, and the enfeebled state of his health.

Troops Stricken with Cholera.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—Dispatches from India say that while the second battalion of the 3d Goorkha regiment was on the march in the Chin hills several of the men were stricken with cholera. The troops went into camp at Guatheit, where thirty men, out of a total of sixty attacked, succumbed to the disease. The battalion subsequently broke camp and proceeded to Rangoon. During the march many more soldiers were attacked by cholera.

The Copyright Bill.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The Standard says of the American copyright bill that it hopes the measure may become a law, but it also hopes that not many years shall pass before it is amended.

OUR ALASKAN DOMINION.

A Government School Established Away Up at Point Barrow.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 8.—Sheldon Jackson, who was last spring appointed United States general agent of education for Alaska, has completed his labors and returned to this city. Soon after his appointment he started for Alaska and since that time has directed his attention principally to a thorough examination of the condition of the natives, their modes of living, education, etc.

Cruised Around for Four Months.

Mr. Jackson was on board the revenue cutter Bear four months, which enabled him to get at the heretofore inaccessible portions of Alaska, and to secure some valuable statistics respecting the number of natives now there. On the voyage the Bear reached a point as far north as Point Barrow, where Mr. Jackson established a school under the supervision of the United States, and which he says is the northernmost school in North America.

Ground to Pieces by a Train.

MONROE, Mich., Dec. 5.—Farmer Krieger and his three children were crossing Otter creek upon the open trestle bridge of the Lake Shore road Wednesday night. When about in the center of the bridge the father was horrified to see a train approaching. It was impossible to get off the bridge except by jumping into the icy waters of the creek. Without hesitation he seized the two smallest of his loved ones and jumped into the water, shouting to the third to follow. She was 12 years old. She stood for an instant ready to leap, and then, fearing to make the plunge, she turned and ran toward the opposite shore. She had gone only a few steps, when the train struck her and she was ground to pieces under the wheels. The father reached shore with the smaller children.

Horrible Work of a Mob.

CENTRAL, S. C., Dec. 5.—Henry Johnson, the colored man who assaulted Mrs. Walters, and who was lynched by a mob, was found to be still alive on Wednesday morning, but dying. As soon as this was reported some of the mob reassembled, and collected a huge pile of brush upon which they placed the dying negro. The match was then applied. The groans of the tortured victim were pitiable as the flames slowly reduced him to ashes. This act has greatly excited the negroes, but they have been warned that if they make any demonstration it will go hard with them.

Formed a Citizens' Alliance.

OCALA, Fla., Dec. 8.—A citizens' alliance was formed here Sunday looking to the establishment of local citizens' alliances in the various cities and large towns of the country. J. D. Holden of Kansas, was elected president; Ralph Beaumont of New York, secretary, and S. P. Wild of Washington, treasurer, and these three also constitute an executive committee. The headquarters of the alliance will be in Washington and later the executive committee will be increased to include a member for each state.

Federation of Trades.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 8.—The national convention of Federated Trades opened here with ninety delegates in attendance Monday morning. Acting Mayor Griggs extended an official welcome. President Dolan, of the local trades council, also epoke. President Gompers, in responding, said: "Put none but union men on guard. We know what we want, and I think we know how to go about it?" After the speeches the convention took a recess until 2 p. m.

Negro Murderer Lynched.

GREENWOOD, Miss., Dec. 8.—Gus Aron, one of the best known citizens of the county, was murdered Saturday night in his store at Roebuck landing, Yazoo river, by Dennis Martin, a negro. Martin was creating a disturbance outside of the store and Mr. Aron ordered him away, whereupon the negro drew a revolver and shot him dead. Martin was pursued by a posse of colored citizens who soon captured him and swung him from the nearest tree.

Natural Gas Giving Out.

UPPER SANDUSKY, Ohio, Dec. 6.—The natural gas supply in this city has failed. The wells are located in Hancock county, the greatest gas county in the state, and the failure indicates that the supply there is surely giving out.

Made an Assignment.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—Edward H. Ammidown, the dry goods merchant of 58 and 60 Worth street, has made an assignment to Albert N. Smith, of Orange, N. J.

A San Francisco Failure.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6.—The failure of the Bull & Grant Implement company has been announced. Liabilities, $73,000; assets, $52,000.

POUNDED WITH A CLUB.

Malicious Assault on a Michigan Man by a Defeated Candidate.

NEGAUNEE, Mich., Dec. 9.—J. C. Sundberg, a well-known Republican and wealthy citizen of this city, was set upon and brutally pounded with a club on the streets. At his cries for help men rushed from neighboring saloons and the assailant disappeared in the darkness, leaving his watch and chain in Sundberg's grasp. It was at first supposed that the assailant was some footpad, but the watch was found to belong to Joseph Richardson, Republican candidate for sheriff in the recent election.

Claimed His Watch.

Shortly after the assault Richardson turned up and claimed the watch, alleging that Sundberg had tried to rob him. Such a charge is wildly improbable, and the fact seems to be that Richardson, the only candidate on the Republican county ticket, who failed of election, tried to "do up" Sundberg in revenge for the latter's opposition to him. Mr. Sundberg was quite seriously hurt and is confined to his bed, but says he will prosecute Richardson to the full extent of the law.

PROMINENT OHIOAN GONE.

Death at Washington City of Washington McLean, of Cincinnati.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 9.—Washington McLean, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, died Monday night shortly before 10 o'clock at his residence on Jackson place, aged 74 years. There were present at his bedside at the time Mrs. McLean, his son, John R. McLean, the proprietor of The Cincinnati Enquirer, and his two widowed daughters, Mrs. Gen. Hazen and Mrs. Capt. Bugher.

Washington McLean was a man who was self-educated, and was connected with The Cincinnati Enquirer as proprietor and manager during its early history. Mr. McLean's connection with The Enquirer ceased more than fifteen years ago. He was a prominent factor in the affairs of the Democratic party in Ohio, yet he never held nor was he a candidate for public office.

Embezzled About $200,000.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 9.—The belief is general in the lumber district and financial circles that the sum embezzled by Joseph B. Abbott, bookkeeper for Henry W. Sage & Co., lumber dealers, who committed suicide rather than stand trial, will amount up to about $200,000. By means of false bills of lading he managed to have whole boat-loads of lumber turned over to his account. The firm is rated as worth $20,000,000. The five motherless children of Abbott are left destitute, and a subscription list was circulated in the lumber district Monday for them. About $2,000 was realized.

Denounced for Attacking a Priest.

MARLBORO, Mass., Dec. 9.—Sunday night at a mass-meeting called for the purpose, and which was attended by 2,000 Roman Catholics and Protestants, resolutions were adopted denouncing, as menacing to good order, public morality and decency, Deputy Sheriff Charles F. Morse and The Marlboro Times, of which he is the editor, for recent attacks upon the Roman Catholic religion and upon the Rev. P. McKenna, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and recognizing in Father McKenna the devoted champion of religion, temperance and every other good cause.

Result of an Old Wound.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 9.—After twenty-six years of suffering George E. McCoy, an ex-soldier, Monday had his leg amputated. Physicians declare the operation absolutely necessary to save his life. He was wounded at the battle of Pine Knob. The ball struck the tibia on its outer side, fracturing it. At the hospital gangrene caused a secondary hemorrhage, which came near being fatal. Since then Mr. McCoy has been a constant sufferer. He stood the operation well, and will recover. For several years Mr. McCoy has been in business in Columbus.

Painted His Face with Iodine.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Dec. 9.—One of the students at the University of Illinois, named Allen, was the subject of a unique experience in the annals of hazing a few days since. A number of the senior students waylaid the young man one night and administered a thorough coating of iodine to his face. After he reached his room he tried to wash it off, but only intensified the glaring hue. He is now in retirement, waiting for his face to regain its normal color.

Railway Wreck at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 9.—A Missouri Pacific special stock train was wrecked on the belt line Monday morning about 6:30. The wreck occurred on a reverse curve at the foot of a heavy grade. Eight cars of cattle were smashed and many head killed. John Osborne, brakeman, of Atchison, Kan., was fatally hurt, and Fireman Wilson, of Hiawatha, Kan., was badly injured. These men both jumped from the engine. The engineer stuck to the engine and was not hurt.

Close Call for a Disaster.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9.—The 7:40 train Monday night for Bethlehem on the Reading railroad was thrown from the track just after leaving Green Mount, and ran about 100 feet over the ties, stopping at the very brink of the trestle over Wingohocking creek, fifty feet high. None of the passengers were injured. A switch had been tampered with, and this caused the derailment.

Parnell's Trip to Ireland.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Parnell during his stay in Dublin, for which city he left Tuesday, will be the guest of the lord mayor at the mansion house. In addition to the address which he is to deliver at Leinster hall on Thursday evening, Parnell will devote some time to the reorganization of the Dublin Nationalist league on lines in harmony with his policy.

An Innocent Man Pardoned.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Dec. 9.—A pardon from President Harrison was received at the penitentiary for Doc Smart, a United States prisoner received June 5, 1888, on a life sentence for robbing the mails and jeopardizing the life of a mail agent at Tucson, A. T. The pardon was granted on direct evidence that the man is innocent.

McCarthy Feels Hopeful.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Justin McCarthy, the newly elected chairman of the Irish Nationalist parliamentary majority, has expressed the hope that the division which exists between the two sections of the Irish party will be gradually bridged over.

SHORT ABOUT $30,000.

A Saginaw, Mich., Man Who Is Missing.

RAISED HIS OWN INDORSED NOTES.

A Member of the Lumber Firm of Brown & Sanborn Proves To Be a Rascal—Ruined by Reckless Financial Ventures and Speculation — His Family Grief-Stricken Over the Affair—A Sensation in Business Circles.

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 9.—Louis D. Sanborn, member of the Methodist church and always considered a most exemplary young man, left this city Saturday night for parts unknown, having realized on forged paper during the last ninety days to the extent of over $30,000. Previous to his departure he made an assignment to his mother. His liabilities are estimated at over $100,000, of which at least $31,000 had been forged by raising his own indorsed notes from sums of $500 up to as high as $7,500. He got the paper discounted at Bay City and other places, hence the failure will not affect any business interests here. Sanborn is a member of the lumber firm of Brown & Sanborn, which stands high. The raised notes are all personal, not involving or affecting the firm. His family say he left home with a sachel to take, as he said, the evening train over the Flint and Pere Marquette road, and they have not seen or heard from him since.

His Family Grief-Stricken.

Mr. Sanborn has been in financial straits for some time owing to heavy land purchases and speculation in mining stocks which have not proven good investments. It can not be told how heavily he was involved. The missing man is of good family and wealthy parentage. His mother has frequently helped him. Owing to his previous good standing and excellent reputation he did not have any difficulty in securing the names of good indorses to his paper. They are all positive as to the original amounts named in the protested paper and there is no doubt that Sanborn is another man ruined by reckless financial ventures and speculation. His family are grief-stricken at the disclosure and were entirely ignorant of his financial difficulties. Some who know him best think that he never took the train, but committed suicide. This theory finds few advocates, however.

Hoping Against Hope.

Standing high in social and business circles, as he did, his defalcation has created a profound sensation. His friends are hoping against hope that he may return and explain matters so as to put them in a better light. No effort has been made to apprehend Mr. Sanborn, and it is doubtful if any will be made. The losses will probably be made good by his family, and the losers express no feeling of revenge or hatred, but one of sorrow and sympathy. Among his indorsers are some prominent members of his church.

The defaulter's father, George C. Sanborn, was for years a leading Saginaw business man, and his good name and business descended to the son, who has not proven equal to it. The changes in the notes were made by writing in the figures before those in the original amounts, and the additional thousands were also written in the body of the notes. Mr Sanborn had a legitimate business amply sufficient to net him an abundant income, and there was no evident necessity for his involvement in speculative schemes.

A Cyclone in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 9.—Near Monroe, Walton county, a cyclone cleared a space several miles long and about 100 yards wide, blowing down houses and killing several people. Jack Menderson and his wife were buried beneath the ruins of their home. Henderson was killed, but his wife was not badly hurt. Their baby was carried 300 yards and was so badly injured that it died shortly after being found. A family of negroes named Jackson were buried in the ruins of their cabin, and two of them were killed. Another house containing seven negroes was blown down, but all the occupants escaped unhurt.

End of the Alliance Convention.

OCALA, Fla., Dec. 9.—The Farmers' Alliance adjourned sine die Monday after adopting a platform indorsing the subtreasury scheme to issue government money on farm products stored in the various counties in the country, demands for silver free coinage, an income tax, the abolition of the national banks, a per capita circulation of $50, and repeal of the tariff on necessaries. The Conger lard bill was repudiated and the Paddock pure food bill indorsed. The next place of meeting was changed from Washington City to Indianapolis.

A Big Offer to Parnell.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 9.—The following cablegram was sent Sunday evening to Parnell: "Will give you $75,000 for 100 lectures in America. Fifty thousand dollars deposited in bank as guarantee. Answer at our expense." The cable is signed by Thompson, Dupree and Gaylor. Thompson is the well-known theatrical manager, and the other two gentlemen are connected with the "Irish Arab" company, now playing in this city. Parnell cabled declining the offer.

The Jeff Davis Mansion.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 9.—The board of aldermen by a two-thirds vote decided to give the Confederate Memorial Literary society the use of the Jeff Davis mansion for a museum for war relics. This was the executive mansion of the confederacy, and was occupied by President Jefferson Davis during his residence in Richmond.

Ready for the President's Action.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—President Palmer, of the national commission of the World's fair, arrived here from Detroit Monday night. He will send a letter by Director Peck to President Harrison asking him to issue a proclamation calling all nations to take part in the World's Columbian exposition.

Butterworth and the Fair.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—It is pretty well settled that Secretary Benjamin Butterworth will be chief of the bureau of promotion of the Columbian exposition. His salary will be the same as at present, but his field of work will be greatly enlarged.

Deserted Parnell.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—James Gilhooly, member of parliament for west Cork, and O'Gorman Mahon, member of parliament for Carlow, have formally given their adherence to the Healyites.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. President Harrison reached Indianapolis Monday for a week's visit with her son-in-law, Robert McKee.

Deputy United States Marshal Bill Pitts was killed Monday about thirty-five miles northwest of Paris, Tex., in Indian territory, by three Choctaw Indians whom he was trying to arrest.

Fire at Eau Claire, Wis., Monday afternoon, destroyed the power house of the Street Railway, Light and Power company. The loss is estimated at $35,000, fully insured.

Loren Freedland, telegraph operator at Chinook, Mont., was sentenced Monday to five years' imprisonment for robbing mail sacks.

The First National bank, of Marion, Ill., with a capital stock of $50,000, was organized on Tuesday.

Manitoba's quarantine against American hogs has been raised, for the reason that there is a large quantity of damaged grain in the province and few swine to consume it.

The American Railway Traffic association at Chicago, capital stock $10,000,000, to establish and maintain a uniform system of passenger and freight rates for and by railway companies doing business in the United States, filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state, of Illinois, Tuesday.

Tuesday J. Mack, Scholl & Co., implement dealers at Carthage, Ill., sued the Bradstreet Commercial agency for $12,000 for falsely reporting them attached for a debt.

The Hon. A. E. Stevenson left Bloomington, Ill., Tuesday, for the City of Mexico, on a mission connected with the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago.

In eastern Ontario and western Quebec Tuesday the temperature ranged from 14 to 37 degrees below zero, with high winds.

Over fifty boats, laden principally with barley and lumber, are reported frozen in on the Erie canal.

Four members of a party of settlers from New Haven, Conn., were drowned by the capsizing of a sail boat on lake Tohopekaliga, near Kissime, Fla., Tuesday.

Millie Panhorst, who shot and killed Samuel Goldberg, her betrayer, at San Francisco, was acquitted of the charge of murder Tuesday.

Orley Hill, of Benton, Ills., has been arrested charged with working a confidence game in a horse trade, by which the man with whom he made the trade lost over $700.

Mrs. Julia Lippincott is a New Jersey woman who has started numerous financial projects She is now on trial for the alleged forgery of paper to the amount of $100,000.

When Treasurer Ijams of McLean county, Ills., retired from office Tuesday he handed over to his successor, James L. Douglass, $41,300. McLean county has not owed a dollar for a number of years.

George Tunget was killed near Ottawa, Ohio, by Edward Heaton, who asked him for some tobacco. While Tunget was trying to get it Heaton shot him. Tunget only lived a few moments. Heaton had recently been released from prison and he blamed Tunget for swearing against him in court.

Bessie Mackey, aged 6, of Manistee, Mich., was fatally burned Tuesday. She set fire to her clothing while playing with matches.

Fred Crich, of Ypsilanti, Mich., committed suicide Tuesday night in the presence of his wife and family by taking a dose of poison.

Brooklyn is the first Iowa town to vote against woman suffrage in the Methodist church. The vote there was 31 for to 43 against.

Martin Martinson's 12-year old boy was killed at Black Earth, Wis., by a train Thursday.

In a free fight in a court in Spokane Falls, Wash., the mayor of the city was knocked down by an attorney, who afterward jumped on the prostrate form of the chief magistrate of the municipality.

Berlin doctors say the Koch lymph is valuable against diphtheria and tetanus.

Governor Merriam has demanded the resignation of Warden Randall of the Minnesota pennitentiary because of the scandal growing out of the liberties allowed Younger and another notorious convict.

The Berlin census shows a population of 1,574,485.

It has been decided by all the Chicago-Missouri river lines to equalize the rates on live hogs and packing-house products by reducing the hog rate from 25 to 18 cents, to take effect Dec. 22.

Mrs. William O'Brien has translated her husband's novel, "When We Were Boys," into the French. It is entitled "A Vingt Ans," and is appearing as a feuilleton.

Mrs. Emma C. Gray, of St. Louis, wants a divorce because, after 19 years of married life, her husband has turned atheist and is trying to "wallup" the same ideas into his wife.

Fire-bugs are at work at Vandalia, Ills. Business men have received threatening letters and a number of fires have occurred. Judge Lynch has his court in session in case of any captures.

The report of the state board of agriculture issued Friday, shows that the area planted to corn in Illinois during the past season was 6,150,000 acres, which yielded an average of twenty six bushels per acre, or a total yield of 160,000,000 bushels, against 248,000,000 bushels in 1889.

Palestine, a 3-year-old chestnut colt, was sold at Lexington, Ky., Friday to Byron McClelland for $13,000.

With the object of competing with British manufacturers, E. W. Bliss, of New York, has taken a contract to make armor-piercing projectiles for the United States government.

Another daring railroad robbery has been committed in the south of France. The thief made an attack with a knife on a passenger in one of the compartments of a coach, and after seizing on his money and valuables jumped from the train. The train was stopped and the robber was captured.

It is reported that the czar has forbidden his subjects to enter Monaco, on account of the ruin brought to many wealthy Russian families through the gaming tables there.

It is learned that some inmate of the Massachusetts state prison at Charlestown recently stabbed another convict named Phipps, who was believed to be an informer. Phipps was stabbed in the back, the knife penetrating to within an inch of his heart.

The most important action taken by the National Trotting association board of review, which has been in session at New York for some days, was the expulsion from the tracks of the association of C. H. Nelson and his horse Nelson for alleged crookedness in the race with Alcryon at Beacon park in September, 1889.

The presence in the vicinity of Frisco, O. T., of thousands of yelling Indians has caused a panic among the people, and a guard is kept day and night. Some of the Indians are on their way to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands.

Frank Morris, the lad who robbed Mrs. Coster, of Norris, Ills., of $500 Nov. 10, was arrested at Lusk, Wyo., and returned to Lewiston, Ills., Friday. The boy was a reader of dime novels.

A store at East Goshen, Ind., was robbed and burned Thursday night. The culprits were tracked through the snow and six of them were caught with the stolen goods in their possession.

Counsel for Mrs. Abbie Annetta Annison, of Chelsea, Mass., who was severely injured at the railroad disaster at Quincy, Mass., in August last, has obtained without trial the sum of $28,600 from the Old Colony railroad in settlement of her claim.

A strike of freight hands in the Baltimore and Ohio yards at Baltimore Friday, caused a blockade there, and the trouble has extended to Pittsburg where the blockade was complete Saturday.

The stock of A. I. Namm, window shades, draperies, etc., and the building in which it was contained, 335 and 337 Fulton street, N. Y., were damaged by fire Sunday to the amount of $55,000; insured.

During this week a case will be tried in the supreme court involving the validity of the criminal statutes of Texas. If it goes against the statute it will result in setting free over 3,000 prisoners, some under sentence of death.

Miss Jennie Daly, about 90 years old, died in New York city last week. She lived with her brother in wretched apartments. After her death $10,000 belonging to her was discovered in bank. She had made it all doing washing and chores.

A monster wave dropped down on the deck of the British steamer Maryland in the Atlantic ocean, Dec. 1, instantly killing the captain, boatswain, and second cook, and severely injuring several others. Everything was swept off the decks, and 300 cattle also killed.

An epidemic of diphtheria is reported at Lessor, Minn., with twenty cases and three deaths so far, and the disease is spreadiug.

The main object of the visit to this country of Kink Kalakaua of the Sandwich islands is said to be to make a proposition to the state department looking to the annexation of his kingdom to the United States.

Buffalo Bill's parents were no great hands at Indian killing. They were good old Quakers of Chester county, Pa.

Norman Calhoun, 91 years old, and Martha Dickson, 80 years old, were married at Pennsboro, W. Va., Sunday.

Tommy White, of Chicago, and Dan Daly of Bangor, Me., fought ninety rounds in Omaha, Sunday morning. The referee decided the contest a draw.

George Kennan declares that he is constantly tracked by Russian spies, who attend all of his lectures.

Of 700 boys and girls who drew books from the library of the College Settlement in Rivington street, New York, last year only two had American parents.

The total annual income of the gaming tables of Monto Carlo is about 20,000,000 francs, or in the eighborhood of $4,000,000.

The erection of the monument to Prince Bismarck in Berlin is now an assured fact. The collection for the purpose is already 338,525 marks.

At a wedding in Potsdam, Ohio, just as the ceremony was about to be performed, a man stepped forward and denounced the groom as an adventurer and also already married. The bride fainted and the groom disappeared.

The Boston Homeopathic Medical society advocates the use of chloroform in killing prisoners sentenced to death.

Joseph Anderson and Dr. Pike C. Ross, two of the oldest residents of Canton, Ills., died Sunday.

L. N. Murphy, of Kansas City, died there the other day of glanders contracted from a horse.

The fund for Gen. Booth's work of improving the condition of the English poor now amounts to $75,000.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson said recently: "The sate of Washington has more coal than Pennsylvania, more pine than Maine and more fish than Massachusetts."

The annual meeting of the Spritualists of southern Michigan commenced Saturday at Hartford.

Mysterious Disappearances.

READING, Pa., Dec. 8.—Nine persons have mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood within the past five weeks, and it is the general opinion that they have been foully dealt with. Their names are Jonathan Smith of this city, Thomas Mengle of Pine Grove, George Miller of Schuylkill Haven, three boys, Jesse Corbett of Phoenixville, Francis Schell of Washington, and Kerling Sellers of Robesonia, John Konovoski of Hickory Swamp, Antonio Sudi of Temple, and Rosa A. B. Freese, Pottstown.

Russell's Study of the Cancer.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 6.—Dr. Russell, the senior pathologist of the Edinburgh Royal infirmary, after studying cancer for many years and testing between forty and fifty cases, has at length secured the parasite and traced its life history. He finds it to be a fungus of the yeast type. In an interview Dr. Russell expressed himself very cautiously and said that the discovery could not be definitely accepted until tested by others; then, if confirmed, the doctors would know what to attack and kill.

Wrecked Sailors Robbed.

LONDONDERRY, Dec. 6.—The third mate and the four seamen of the Ethiopia, who brought the news of the accident to that steamer to Londonderry, complain indignantly of the brutal conduct of the islanders of Innisboffin, who, when the men landed after thirty miles of sailing and pulling in an open boat, stole their clothes and even the boat lantern. The Ethiopia had carried away part of her stern tube.

Will Be Paid in Full.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 8.—Late Saturday evening the firm of Delamater & Co., the Meadville bankers who assigned Friday, issued a letter saying the depositors would be paid in full if time were given. The state funds—$100,000—are amply secured, but not even an estimate of the assets and liabilities can be given until settlement is made by the firm.

Ohio Veterans at Lincoln's Tomb.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 3.—Members of the Ohio Veterans' association to the number of about 100 assembled here Tuesday. In the afternoon they made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Lincoln, and at night a meeting was held at the capitol. Wednesday a business meeting was held, and at night the reunion closed with a camp fire.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle—Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The City Directory."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Richard Mansfield.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Comic Opera Co.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Dan'l Sully in "The Millionaire."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Karl Gardner in "Fatherland."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Monte Cristo, Jr."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street near Madison. — "Out in the Streets."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE INCONSISTENCY OF PARNELL'S OPPONENTS.

The ill timed and unfortunate interference of Mr. Gladstone in the matter of Irish parliamentary leadership has practically undone all that Mr. Parnell and his friends accomplished in the way of making the question of Home Rule pre-eminent in Anglo Irish politics during the last ten years. Mr. Gladstone is now a very old man, and he leans too heavily on such colleagues as Sir William Vernon Harcourt, George Otto Trevelyan, John Morley and Lord Spencer. THE CITIZEN believes that the four last mentioned Whig leaders are really responsible for the base, and treacherous, attempt to retire Mr. Parnell from the field of political action. The unanimity with which the Irish Parliamentary party re-elected Mr. Parnell leader immediately after the O'Shea divorce revelations; the enthusiasm with which they greeted him and the affection they exhibited for his person could not all be changed in a few days without some deeper reason than mere "sober second thought"—the general excuse of the vacillating—or unmanly caprice. Whig blandishments cut a great figure in the matter. Gladstone, pressed to the wall himself by the four ex-oppressors of Ireland already referred to, in turn pressed Justin McCarthy and his followers to the wall, and demanded the sacrifice of Parnell as the price of an emasculated measure of Home Rule, to be granted when the Whigs returned to power.

Mr. Parnell, like all men oppressed by a sense of having erred, did not take as active part in Irish politics as he might have done since 1886 But, whenever the occasion really demanded it, he was found in his place, and his voice was as potent as of old. Indeed, since the Tories came into office, there has been little that the Parnellites, all swayed by Gladstone, could do in the house of commons but sit around and look wise. Gladstone was their bugbear. They were afraid of offending him. Many of them did not entirely trust him, as we happen to know on undoubted Irish authority; and Parnell's revelations in his recent masterly manifesto showed that their distrust was not entirely without foundation. Parnell, whatever his errors, alone seems to have the courage and the genius to measure the depths of Whig duplicity. He thought of Grattan; he thought of O'Connell, and appealed to the Irish nation directly. In taking the latter step, he, undoubtedly, committed a tactical error—he wounded the self love of many of his ablest followers in parliament. Why did he do it? He must have had inside information. His mind, in any case, is of the governing type. He would rather, at any time, deal directly with the Irish people than with their representatives. The latter have often erred in dealing with England—the Irish people never. Besides, as a matter of fact, the representatives owed their seats to Mr. Parnell's influence. It is not denied that many of them, like Sexton, Healy, O'Brien and Dillon, had ability enough to make them distinguished without patronage; but, as a matter of fact, they all grew into prominence under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. He may have been a despot, but, in Irish politics, even despotism is preferable to anarchy.

THE CITIZEN does not feel like calling the opponents of Mr. Parnell in the Irish party by hard names. It regrets the position they have assumed. It laments that they prefer the English Whig coercionists of 1880 before Parnell; but, after all, the disruption may not be entirely hurtful to Ireland. Parnell will not retire. He will head his own following in the Saxon parliament, and THE CITIZEN has great faith that the undaunted American Irishman will make it exceedingly interesting for all who oppose him. All that his enemies, public and private, could ever say against him is "out of the bag" now, and he will go into the fight with a lighter heart, and with a spirit burning to obliterate by brilliant and patriotic actions the sad blot on his moral character. Such a leader will surely make the Saxons howl before they succeed in getting his scalp. In spite of episcopal manifestoes, lectures from many altars, which are listened to with good natured silence, the desertion of trusted friends, and the truculence of the hostile English press, Old Ireland stands by her Protestant champion with a splendid tenacity that does honor to her Catholic heart. All men, of whatever race, religion or politics, cannot help respecting Ireland for the stand she has taken. The burning in effigy of Tim Healy and other anti-Parnellites only illustrates the fact that Ireland recognizes her real leader, and makes bonfires of the counterfeit presentments of his foes, to light her on the way to liberty. Tim Healy is so capable of roasting his opponents himself, that he must not feel too badly at being roasted in effigy by his former admirers. One reason for the mock roast of Healy is his unaccountable inconsistency. In a speech delivered by him at Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Nov. 20, immediately after the bursting of the O'Shea bombshell, Mr. Healy said:

> I say we would be foolish and criminal if we, the seasoned politicians, who have seen and who have been able to watch the vagaries and tempests of political passion, if we upon an occasion of this kind, at the very first blast of opposition, surrendered the great chief who has led us so far forward (no, no, and cheers). And let me say this, and let me put it to our friends, which is the more decent attitude on behalf of the Irish people and on behalf of the Irish party, if we who have been accused of harboring all kinds of sinister ambitions, of greedy desire to pull him down, if we joined with this howling pack would that be a noble spectacle before the nations? (Cheers.) And if the Irish people, for whom he has done so much, for whom he has braved so much and suffered so much, if they were so frivolous and light headed as to permit themselves at the first sound of this wretched and unfortunate case to be dragged away from the support they have hitherto accorded Mr. Parnell, all I can say is that this Irish nation would be my nation no more (cheers.) Further, let me put it to the meeting would it not be a most unhappy spectacle if we allowed ourselves to present to the world the view of a number of men taking advantage, rejoicing I may almost say, at the downfall of our leader, but furthermore if we gave our enemies the satisfaction of knowing that they could set each of us at each other's throats in the grasp and struggle of ambition to see which of us would take his place? (applause). Already I observe in one quarter where the least we might have expected was silence (hisses)—I observe a recommendation of retirement (no, no). Some of you may have heard of the king who never said a foolish thing—King Charles II, who said to his brother James, afterwards of unfortunate memory in Ireland—James II, "Nobody," said he, "my friend, will ever kill me to make you king" (loud applause and laughter); and for my part, when I think of the possibilities, I don't say of the likelihood, but of the possibilities, of what might occur were we to join in this demand for the dethronement of Mr. Parnell, I see a very pretty party working for Ireland in the house of commons. You would have, perhaps, a Socialist (laughter). You would, perhaps, have a land nationalization party; then you would have a group, perhaps, on behalf of the plumbers (laughter), and another, perhaps, on behalf of the barristers (renewed laughter), and for anything I know the attorneys might want one, and say that their interests were not properly considered or represented in the party as it was heretofore constituted (laughter). For my part I decline to take the cork out of the soda water bottle to see the "fizz." (Laughter.)

THE CITIZEN can find no excuse for Mr. Healy's desertion of Parnell after such a speech as the one from which we have quoted, except upon the poor plea of wounded vanity, or else a desire to surrender the independence of the Irish party at the demand of Gladstone; because, by deposing Parnell, the majority of the Irish members have placed themselves under the yoke of the English Whigs. "Fine words butter no parsnips." Mr. Healy will have a fine time in explaining to the Irish people his all too rapid change of front. THE CITIZEN, in a personal sense, has no feeling other than friendly to Mr. Healy. It admires his fine talents, but it deplores his vacillation at a critical moment in the history of Irish politics.

At the same great meeting Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is now Mr. Parnell's rival in the parliamentary chairmanship, said at the conclusion of an enthusiastic speech:

> We have on us a tremendous responsibility imposed. We have to fight this great Home Rule battle, and we have carried the battle almost to victory, and by whose skill, by whose patience, by whose success have we carried the battle so near to victory? (Cries of "Parnell") Has it been by the skill, the patience, the energy, the perseverance of any man—any one man whatever, I do not care who he be, of any man but our leader—Mr. Parnell? (Loud applause). Then I ask you, are we as rational human beings, are we going to give up that great leader, to lose the force of his capacity, his energy, his genius, his perseverence, his resource? Are we going for any personal cause whatever to lose, to throw away, the power of that great man in leading our parliamentary battle? (Cries of "No," and applause). No, most certainly not. His duty—a duty from which he cannot possibly escape—is to lead us in that great battle, and our duty—a duty from which we cannot possibly escape—is to maintain him as our leader in that great battle (cheers). We, the Irish people, have maintained through many generations our reputation as a people of honor and virtue. No enemy, however bitter, however strong, can say that the Irish people as a race were ever wanting in honor and in virtue. But I may say whenever, if ever, we should have to ask for instruction in honor and in virtue from any teachers whatever, we shall most certainly not look to the London press or the Tory party or the Liberal Unionist party. (Cheers.) We don't want them to teach us what is honor and what is virtue. We would rather say to them, "If you think your mission is to give teachings in honor and in virtue go to your own parties; teach your own men, teach the women of your party; preach to them what they ought to do; but don't talk to Irish men and Irish women as to what they ought to do in the matter of virtue." (Applause) We shall not lose in this question one single honest English, Scotch, or Welsh man or woman who has been with us from the first (hear, hear.) There may be some who will fall away from us not only in Great Britain but here in Ireland. I can only say—let them fall away; our national cause will go on without them.

Mr. McCarthy was certainly in earnest when he delivered that speech. Why has he, too, changed so suddenly? The answer comes in the words of the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*: "He is under the thumb of old Gladstone." THE CITIZEN is sorry for Mr. McCarthy. His speech of Nov. 29 is sadly at variance with his action of more recent date.

It is argued in some quarters that the manifesto of the Irish Catholic hierarchy against Mr. Parnell is quite as potent a factor in the matter of his partial deposition as the letter of Gladstone. The Irish hierarchy had a perfect right to condemn Mr. Parnell's morals, but beyond that their authority does not extend. The bishops, as a general thing, having issued their manifesto, leave the matter alone thereafter, and the people, in a political sense, do about as they please. The reports from Ireland indicate that, in spite of all odds, the masses are with Mr. Parnell. His own bold attitude in the English house of commons shows that he is determined to fight to the end. He is about to address the Irish constituencies in person, and, as they may determine, Parnell will undoubtedly act.

BLAINE BOUNCES MIZNER.

Secretary Blaine did a creditable thing in repudiating, on behalf of the administration, the dastardly and idiotic action of Minister Mizner in surrendering Gen. Burrundia to the Guatemalan authorities. Mizner has been dismissed from his office with a withering rebuke. His fate will be a lesson to all American diplomats who seek to curry favor with foreign governments at the expense of their country's honor. Secretary Blaine waited until all the facts were before him previous to taking decided action. Had he been secretary when certain of our ministers in England and elsewhere played the role of flunkey, their official heads would have been surely taken off. Hereafter it must be understood by foreign powers, large or small, that the deck of an American ship is sacred ground as far as purely political refugees are concerned. Every American citizen who respects the national flag, will rejoice exceedingly that our government has washed its hands clean of the blood of the unfortunate Burrundia. Ex Minister Mizner's name in the history of diplomacy will be exceedingly unsavory.

PARNELL'S FRIENDS TO MEET.

A preliminary meeting of Irish Americans who sympathize with Mr. Parnell in his controversy with the English Whigs—"wolves howling for his destruction"—will be held at McCoy's Hotel, South Clark and Van Buren streets, this (Saturday) evening at 7:30 o'clock. The object of the meeting is to take measures to hold a great demonstration in one of the largest halls in the city in the near future. At tonight's gathering, the views of representative Irish-Americans will be expressed, committees will be appointed, and other necessary routine business will be attended to. The call for the meeting is signed by M. J. Keane, James C. Strain, John F. Finerty, James H. Lyman, Frank D. Kinsella, Henry F. Donovan and Lawrence Harmon.

MR JOHN P RYAN, of New York, has telegraphed Mr. Parnell that he "must retire." That settles it. By the way, many people are asking, "Who the deuce is John P. Ryan, of New York?"

THE Chicago *Tribune* is editorially against Parnell, but its telegraphic columns teem with accounts of the leader's grand reception by the Irish masses. Editorials are strong weapons, but facts are stronger.

PANICKY Irishmen affect to believe that the Irish cause is ruined "because of the split in the ranks." The "split" is in the English ranks, not in the Irish. The Irish members who have taken the side of Gladstone against their intrepid leader are mere tails to the Whig kite.

IN the controversy with Gladstone, Parnell represents the sentiment of Irish independence of English dictation. Therefore THE CITIZEN is with Parnell as against Gladstone.

OF the forty five paid members of the Irish parliamentary party, thirty-three voted with McCarthy and eleven with Parnell. Most of Parnell's supporters are unpaid members.

JOHN POPE HENNESSY has come out in North Kilkenny as an anti Parnell candidate. He says he is "too good a Catholic" to go against the manifesto of the bishops. The little Tory cad, that never had a soul for Ireland! Parnell ought to congratulate himself that this cast off place-holder under English administrations is against him. John Kelly, the patriot, is the Parnell candidate. He will be elected.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN weeps too much. He is now a married man, and should get over his childish ways.

MRS O'SHEA, it is reported, called Tim Healy "a sweep." Well, that's enough to make anybody mad. Tim is very mad.

THE second manifesto of Parnell's opponents to the Irish people is a weak repetition of the original. It chiefly finds fault with Parnell for having called the English Whigs "wolves." The attempt to excuse the sudden hop to Gladstone after electing Parnell chairman of the Irish party is very weak, and entirely unworthy of Mr. McCarthy's literary reputation.

TIM HEALY was again burned, and twice hanged, in effigy at Waterford last Thursday night. Tim is out of luck.

PARNELL'S enemies recaptured *United Ireland's* office on Wednesday night. Parnell appeared with a crowbar in his hand Thursday morning, broke in the front door and retook possession. He evidently believes in physical force under favorable conditions. Such a man is fit to lead the Irish people to victory.

The Best Christmas Book.

Those of our subscribers and readers who desire to present their friends, young, old or middle aged, with an agreeable and instructive Christmas book have now an opportunity to gratify their inclination by purchasing John F. Finerty's famous Indian war narrative "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," which has been hailed by the American, Irish and British press as the most thrilling history of frontier warfare. The book can be had direct from THE CITIZEN office, or at any of the leading bookstores. Price: full cloth, $3 per copy; half morocco, $3 50 per copy. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the book is being sold very rapidly.

PERSONAL.

Miss Alice Coffee, the popular contralto of the Union Park Congregational church, had a successful complimentary concert at Kimball Hall, southeast corner of State and Jackson streets, on last Thursday evening.

Mr. P. F. Conway, head pastry cook at the Commercial hotel, was presented on last Saturday evening with a very handsome badge of solid gold, appropriately inscribed, by the members of the Epicurean club, of which he is vice president.

Mr. James O'Sullivan, No. 113 Washburne avenue, city, lost two children within the week. The eldest, a girl, was six and a half years, and the other, a boy, was two years and eight months old. Mr. O'Sullivan has the fullest sympathy of all his friends.

OBITUARY.

CHRISTOPHER F. DONOVAN.

Christopher F. Donovan, father of the editor of the *Eagle*, and an old resident of Chicago, died on Monday, Dec. 1, at his home, No. 446 Webster avenue. It is seldom that a man departs this life who leaves behind him a more honorable record than that of the deceased. Modest, retiring, stern and honest, he fulfilled life's duties like a man and died like a Christian gentleman. He was good to his family and true to his friends, and the large attendance at his funeral was a manifest of the regard in which he was held. An old resident of Chicago, he passed through the many vicissitudes which have beset the city both before, during and after the great fire of 1871. The deceased always enjoyed robust physical health up to Aug. 21 last, when he was stricken down by apoplexy. From this attack he rallied but faintly, and finally passed away as a result of the stroke, at the comparatively early age of 54 years. The funeral, which occurred on Wednesday, was very largely attended. High mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Vincent's church, the Rev. Father Guedry delivering an eloquent and appropriate address. The remains were laid away in Calvary cemetery.

Hibernian Rifle Pleasure Club.

The Hibernian Rifle Pleasure Club are making great preparations for their coming reception and ball to be given next Saturday evening, Dec. 20, at Curran's Hall, Fourteenth street and Blue Island avenue. The hall will be beautifully decorated for the occasion. A grand tug-of-war match between two well known Irish-American teams will take place in the interval of dancing at 11 o'clock. The announcement that Prof. Solon, who has just arrived from New Tipperary with his famous Irish bagpipes, will play some of the beautiful Irish melodies on the occasion, has caused hundreds of the friends of the Hibernian Rifles to look forward to the coming event with great pleasure.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

A HOT DEBATE.

That Between the Supporters of Parnell and the Seceding Brethren in the Committee Room of "the Commons."

Ugly Remarks Made on Both Sides—Parnell's Vicerous Speech After His Deposition was Attempted.

LONDON, Dec 6.—At the opening of the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary party today, Mr. Parnell said they were assembled to receive the report of the delegates on the conference with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Kenny proposed that the delegates retire to prepare their report. Mr. Healy said their was no necessity to retire as the delegates had agreed on the matter. He opposed any further suspension of the proceedings. A resolution that the delegates retire to prepare their report was put and defeated by a vote of 34 to 35.

Mr. Healy then proposed that all the communications which had passed between the Irish Parliamentary party and the Liberal leaders be read. After a prolonged squabble over this proposal Mr. Healy moved that the chairman read the whole of the documents bearing on the position. Mr. Parnell objected. He insisted that the delegates prepare a report of their interview with Mr. Gladstone and submit it to the meeting. This course, he said, was absolutely necessary in order to put the public in possession of all the facts. This caused a heated debate. Mr. Sexton finally said that he and his friends felt that these intolerable proceedings should be brought to a close, if not by the action of the chair by some other means. If his friends, he said, were in the minority, they would gladly retire, but the fact that they were in the majority placed the obligation upon them to exercise their powers.

After a brief adjournment Mr. Redmond read the report of the delegates including letters of Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Morley, referring them to Mr. Gladstone as the sole leader of the Liberals, empowered to speak in the name of the party, the letter of Mr. Gladstone declining a joint consideration of the questions that the delegates might submit to him in combination with his colleagues, and, finally, Mr. Gladstone's last letter to the Irish Parliamentary caucus. At the conclusion of the reading of the report there was a scene of great confusion. Mr. Abraham and Mr. John O'Connor rose from their seats simultaneously, when Mr. Parnell declared that the latter had the floor.

Mr. Abraham persisted in an effort to move a resolution. He tried to read it, but could not amid the clamor. He then handed the resolution to Mr. McCarthy, who rose from his seat, and was apparently about to read it, when Mr. Parnell, who throughout the exciting scene remained standing, grasped the resolution from Mr. McCarthy's hand, at the same time saying: "I won't receive it!"

Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy stood addressing each other, but their words were rendered inaudible owing to the confusion and cries of "Chair!" "Order!"

When quiet was restored Mr. Parnell said: "Until the party deposes me I am your chairman."

Mr. Barry—You are not our chairman.

Mr. Parnell—Yes; Mr. McCarthy attempted to move a resolution surreptitiously.

Mr. Healy—Give us back our resolution.

The disorder and interruption were renewed, Mr. Parnell continuing to rule that Mr. O'Connor had the floor. Mr. Barry exclaimed: "You're a dirty trickster," which caused a further uproar.

Mr. Parnell—Respect the chair.

Mr. Sheehy—We will respect the chair if it respects the party.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor appealed to his friends to show every possible respect to their late leader. Mr. McCarthy said he had only risen to a point of order. Some one had handed him a paper, and the chairman struck it out of his hand.

Mr. Parnell—I took it out of your hand.

Col. Nolan—He did not strike your hand.

Mr. McCarthy insisted that the paper was struck out of his hand.

Mr. Parnell—You were about to put some resolution, thereby usurping my functions.

Mr. McCarthy—I was not. I expected courtesy at your hands.

Mr. Healy moved that Mr. Abraham's motion be heard.

Mr. Parnell—I refuse to put it.

Mr. Healy—Then I'll put it myself. [Cheers]

Mr. Fitzgerald—Who are you? You are not the leader of the Irish people.

Mr. John O'Connor—Healy is not the leader yet.

Mr. O'Connor then moved that "the meeting regrets and calls the attention of the country to the fact that though the original resolution was altered to meet Mr. Gladstone's objections to negotiate, he still refuses to confer with the party unless Mr. Parnell is removed."

Mr. O'Connor urged that Mr. Gladstone's reply proved Mr. Parnell's contention that it was impossible to get a direct answer from him. Mr. Gladstone, he said, was sacrificing Irish interests to a manufactured English feeling. He believed that Ireland would resent such dictation.

Mr. O'Kelly, in seconding Mr. O'Connor's motion, warned the Healyites of the grave responsibilities of forming a separate party.

Before Mr. O'Kelly seconded the motion of John O'Connor another scene occurred.

This was due to Timothy Healy's shouting: "Who is to be mistress of the party?" Cries of "Shame!" came from all parts of the room, and William Redmond shouted: "They must be badly off to resort to arguments like that."

Mr. Parnell referred to Healy as a cowardly little scoundrel who dared in an assembly of Irishmen to insult a woman. This denunciation of Healy was received with cheers and counter cheers.

John O'Connor, continuing, said he pitied Irish members who were obliged to accept the leadership of a coward who dared to insult a woman. He defended Mr. Parnell's action in divulging what passed at the Hawarden meeting. Such a course, he said, was entirely justifiable.

Mr. Abraham followed Mr. O'Kelly. He pointed out the danger of a Liberal defeat at the general election in case their action should induce Mr. Gladstone to retire. As Mr. Parnell refused to resign, they would be wanting in respect to themselves if they longer delayed bringing matters to an issue, the chairman having ignominiously treated and torn Mr McCarthy's resolution.

Mr. Parnell—That is untrue.

Mr. Abraham declined to enter into an altercation, but repeated that it would be shameful to allow the minority to continue making the party a laughing stock. Parnell and his adherents desired to appeal to Cæsar, but his side was quite willing to abide by the decision of the Irish people. He proposed an amendment that Parnell's chairmanship be terminated.

Mr. Nolan protested that Mr. Abraham was out of order, and a squabble ensued, the opponents of Parnell taunting him with allowing the introduction of Clancy's amendment against the wishes of the party. Finally Parnell decided that Mr. Abraham was out of order, whereupon Healy shouted "Bravo! bravo!"

"Mr. Healy," said Mr. Parnell, "I won't stand very much more from you. The amendment is only admissible as a substantive motion."

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, in a quiet speech, protested against the obstructive tactics of the the minority, which, he said, would indefinitely delay the decision that the majority had a right to record.

Mr. Parnell interposed that O'Connor was well qualified to lecture them on obstruction [laughter], but he was wandering from the resolution.

Mr. O'Connor—I am leading up to the amendment. We have been very moderate. There is a danger that over moderation may be construed as shirking our duty.

Mr. O'Connor continued, amid a crescendo of approving cheers, to argue that the time had arrived to cease talking and to act and put an end to what was rapidly becoming a disgraceful farce. "I ask the overwhelming majority of this party," he concluded, "at once to record their decision—if not here then elsewhere." [Cheers.]

Mr. Parnell—Mr. O'Connor knows it was not an amendment.

Mr. O'Connor—Very well; if it cannot be put here it must be elsewhere.

After Mr. Leamy had spoken Mr. Justin McCarthy took the floor. He said he thought the time had come to close the debate. He did not desire to increase the bitterness engendered by the crisis. He had hoped up to last night that Parnell would still help them out of their terrible national difficulty. He was disappointed. Mr. Parnell had lent them no assistance out of their dilemma. He felt that it would be a waste of time to discuss the matter further, since it had been clear that the door would be barred against any definite settlement in that room. He suggested that all agreeing with him retire. Forty five men left.

While the members were leaving Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy explained amid much interruption that he was sorry for the decision, but would go with the party.

Mr. Parnell was left in the room with the Messrs. John and William Redmond, Leamy, O'Kelly, Byrne, Blane, Corbett, Joseph Nolan, Maguire, Harrison, Dalton, William McDonald, Conway, Quinn, Clancy, Mahony, Hayden, Fitzgerald, Harrington, Richard Power, Snell, Campbell, John O'Connor, Dr. Kenny, and McKenna, and the meeting was resumed. Col. Nolan excused Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's defection on account of family ties. The others, he said, had exercised their right to secede. They had only debated the question two days, yet certain gentlemen feared that further discussion would only justify Mr. Parnell and would enlighten Ireland to the true position. He then proceeded to discuss the election possibilities. He argued that the Parnellites would hold the key to the position, and concluded his remarks by saying that whatever Mr. Parnell's position was in the next two or three years he would be ranked with O'Connell as the greatest Irishman of the last three centuries. [Cheers]

Others having spoken Mr. Parnell said: "The deserters, knowing we were going to Ireland tomorrow, clamored for a decision because they dreaded the lightning of public opinion in Ireland. They recoiled before this opinion when they fled from this room. Gentlemen, we have won today. [Loud cheers] Although our ranks are reduced I hold this chair still. [Cheers] Although many comrades have left us Ireland has power to fill their places and send us good men and true for every one of those who have left us, and I little know our gallant country if I am mistaken in the opinion that when she gets an opportunity she will freely exercise the power. They have left this room because they saw that their position was no longer tenable, because they saw arrayed against them a force before which we must all bow, and without which none of us would ever have been here. They stand in a most contemptible position—that of men who, having pledged themselves to be true to their party, to their leader, and to their country, have been false to all." [Loud cheers]

John O'Connor's resolution was then put and carried by acclamation and the meeting dispersed.

The proceedings of the McCarthy section were conducted in private.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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PARNELL ON THE CRISIS.

He is Interviewed by an American Correspondent in the Lobby of the House of Commons.

The Leader Declares that Gladstone Acted Disingenuously in His Case—Reconciliation Impossible.

Seizure of "United Ireland" by Mr. Parnell.

Leaving London.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Mr. Parnell started for Dublin this evening. A large crowd of Irishmen, residents of this city, had assembled at the railway station, and on the appearance of their leader cheered wildly. Mr. Parnell entered a car and from a window addressed his countrymen. He said: "I am overjoyed to see that you have honored me in such large numbers. The demonstration will help me in this fight which I have undertaken. Over sixteen years ago the Irishmen of England gave me the first assistance in framing for my country the path which she has pursued from that day to this. I have never forgotten your help—never forgotten that to you, exiles of Erin, was due the credit of the first god-speed in the new struggle. You will have no cause to regret that you stood by me in this day; you will be with me to the end, and together we will win for our country what God determined she should get."

A number of the McCarthy faction of the Irish party were on the same train, occupying seats in the rear cars.

Before Mr. Parnell started for Ireland he talked of the trouble in his party for an hour in the smoking room of the house of commons. "The first observation I have to make in regard to this question," said Mr. Parnell, "is provoked by Mr. Gladstone's tardiness in taking action, and allowing things to lie derelict as he did, until the Irish party had assembled in a committee room to consider the question of my re-election as chairman. There was an interval of nine days between the verdict and the meeting of the Irish people. Why did not the Liberal leader put himself in communication with me during this interval and make representations regarding the success of the Home Rule cause and his position, which he made on the day of the meeting of parliament? I did not know of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley until just after my re election as chairman. The position that I took up from the moment when divorce proceedings were commenced late last year was that I would neither instruct counsel nor solicitor on my own behalf, that the defense and its nature was not for me, but for the other party concerned in the suit. I was always ready to go into the witness box, if desired to do so."

"Did you ever authorize Michael Davitt or anybody else to say that when the divorce case came into court you could and would clear away the charges in which your name was involved?"

"Certainly not. With regard to Davitt's statements, as cabled to America and reported in the newspapers here, they are absolutely untrue. I have given Davitt no authority to speak or anybody else. I did not open the topic at all in conversation with Davitt. Davitt had been imposed upon by false information which he retailed to me, and which I had no hesitation in denying on the spot. The same reply is good for all other statements of this nature, by whomsoever made, regarding me."

"What do you consider is the duty of Irishmen in America in this crisis?"

"I consider," said Mr. Parnell, "that it is the duty of Irishmen in America, as well as in Ireland, at this crisis, to assist me in maintaining the integrity and independence of the Irish party. That integrity could not and would not have been impaired by any mere alliance with the Liberal party, but matters for some months past have progressed further than a mere alliance. Something approaching to a fusion has been and is now taking place. This is what is necessary for me to check and prevent, and for this I ask the help of our race throughout the world."

"What have you to say about the charge made by your colleagues that you did them an injustice in concealing from them Gladstone's conversations about Home Rule?"

"It was impossible," replied Mr. Parnell, "for me to disclose, by public speech or private information, the setback which the Hawarden communications had given to the cause of Home Rule and the perplexity with which they had filled my mind. The matter was still not definitely settled. Until all hope had been removed of arriving at a satisfactory understanding upon these important subjects with Mr. Gladstone, it would have been highly improper for me in any way to have referred publicly to the matter, and it would have been difficult for me to have selected more than one or two of my colleagues to whose discretion I could have trusted."

"Why did you think it necessary to refer to the Hawarden conversations in your manifesto?"

"Because Mr. Gladstone's letter meant the breaking of negotiations with me. He appealed to the Irish party as my judge, and consequently as my successor. It was, therefore, necessary for me to impart my knowledge to Ireland."

"Do you believe the reconciliation of your divided party still possible?"

"No; the matter has now proceeded so far that it is utterly impossible to bring about any solution until the general election, when the Irish constituents will have to decide. I don't think that the result will be injurious to the cause of Ireland. On the contrary, I believe that a distinct advantage has been gained. Had Mr. Gladstone been allowed to proceed on the course of ambiguity and concealment he would have undoubtedly offered a bill after the next general election, which either would not have been at all acceptable to Ireland, or which we would have accepted with great reluctance. He now knows, or soon will know, what the feeling of Ireland is upon this question, and he will be in a position to decide before the general election as to how far he can meet the feeling."

"Would the return of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien mend matters?"

"Not now," Mr. Parnell replied. "If Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien had returned sooner—that is to say, before the secession of so many members of the Irish party Saturday night—the matter might have been adjusted, but it is now too late. Mr. Gladstone's obstinacy on the one hand and the ignorance and inexperience of so many of the members of Irish party on the other hand have produced a catastrophe."

"What course will the Liberal party be likely to take with regard to Home Rule?"

"That is for Mr. Gladstone to say. There is no doubt that the Liberal party is bound to Home Rule, and it cannot come into power without it."

Mr. Parnell declined to discuss the finances of the Irish party, but it was learned from the best authority that he has absolute charge of the party funds.

In the Hands of His Friends.

DUBLIN, Dec. 10.—Parnell has exploded a bomb in the enemy's ranks and consternation now prevails in the secessionists' camp. Today "the uncrowned king" seized *United Ireland*, the organ of the Nationalist party, turned out the acting editor, who was placed in charge by William O'Brien, took possession of the office, put his own agent in control of affairs, and prevented the publication of this week's issue of the paper. *United Ireland* goes to press on Thursday and is mailed to subscribers and newsdealers the same evening, so that the attacks on Parnell which were to be sent broadcast through Ireland and Great Britain will not reach their destination. The acting editor objected to being ousted and refused to acknowledge Parnell's authority and was ordered out of the office. He refused to go and was forcibly ejected after a scuffle, in which he was assisted by the employes, who armed themselves with sticks and stools. A lively row followed, in which some blood was shed, but Parnell, who was accompanied by a sub sheriff, finally restored order and the members of the staff promised allegiance to him. Dublin, which is almost solid for Parnell, is wild with delight over this first installment of the leader's determination to carry the war into Africa. Parnell is a heavy stockholder in the paper, and one of its directors, and acted by the advice of able lawyers whom he consulted before leaving London.

The legal ground for Parnell's action is known only to the lawyers, but that his action is a staggering blow to the Healyites there can be no doubt. It deprives them of their principal weapon of attack in Ireland and for the time being at least, frustrates their design of turning *United Ireland* into a daily paper to counteract the influence of the *Freeman's Journal* and its evening edition, the *Evening Telegraph*, which are both strongly Parnellite. The new daily paper project is regarded in Dublin as a mere bluff to frighten the *Freeman* away from Parnell.

United Ireland was started in 1881 as the organ of the Land League. It was done by purchasing from Richard Pigott, the *Times'* witness who afterward committed suicide, the paper called the *Irishman*, a 2 penny weekly sheet, and its penny edition, the *Flag of Ireland*, merging the two in one and changing the name. William O'Brien, then a reporter on the *Freeman*, who had done fine work as a correspondent by writing vivid descriptions of the distressed districts during the previous two years, was made editor by Mr. Parnell's special selection. Patrick Egan was one of the stockholders and on the eve of his departure to Chili he transferred his stock to Michael Davitt. This will bring Parnell and the real leader and instigator of the opposition to him face to face in an encounter which will test their ability and temper. T. P. Gill, now in America, had been for some time previous to his departure the real editor of the paper, taking general instructions from O'Brien. The sub editor who attends to the getting out of the paper is James O'Connor, a Fenian ex prisoner, formerly connected with the suppressed *Irish Leader*. He did work on the *Irishman* before the change.

Mr. Parnell is the owner of 474 of the 500 shares of the United Ireland Company. The remaining twenty six shares are owned by Dr. Kenny, M.P. for South Cork and a friend of Mr. Parnell's, and Justin McCarthy, leader of the anti Parnellites.

Mr. Parnell's bold move seems to have been a complete surprise to Mr. Bodkin, who has been acting as editor in charge during Mr. O'Brien's absence. Mr. Parnell was in possession when he entered the office this morning. Mr. Parnell read the articles of association under which the company was organized and then instructed the sheriff to eject Mr. Bodkin. This the officer immediately proceeded to do. It was no easy matter to accomplish, however, as the acting editor offered a stubborn, if ineffectual, resistance. In the down stairs office a desperate encounter took place between the sheriff and his deputies and the sub editorial staff, every man of which rushed to the assistance of their chief. In the melee sticks and cudgels were freely used and stools and ink bottles, paper weights and other articles of office furniture were hurled through the air. It was only after a prolonged and desperate struggle that the editors, grimly fighting every inch of the way, were finally thrust out of the premises. The news of the fight rapidly spread all over the already excited capital, and within a wonderfully short time the office of *United Ireland* was surrounded by an intensely interested crowd. Later in the day Mr. Parnell appeared at the office of the paper and addressed the staff, which, after hearing his statement, promised to serve him.

It appears that Mr. Leamy, sub editor of *United Ireland*, having received an intimation of Mr. Parnell's intentions with regard to the paper, had arranged to issue an edition of the paper in advance of the regular hour of publication. His purpose was, however, frustrated by the sudden arrival of Mr. Parnell. In the struggle between the sheriff's men and the editors one of the latter received a scalp wound, inflicted by a blow from a flying office stool. Three of the sheriff's deputies received slight contusions. Once in possession Mr. Parnell immediately ordered the destruction of the entire edition, which was about to be issued to the public at the moment of his arrival. It contained bitter attacks upon Mr. Parnell's recent conduct and policy.

The gentleman of the staff who were today violently ejected will at once institute proceedings against Mr. Parnell for assault.

Dunleary's Reception.

The steamer conveying Mr. Parnell and his friends and a number of the leading lights of the anti Parnellite movement arrived safely at Kingstown at an early hour this morning. The distinguished Irishmen at once embarked on a waiting tender and were immediately conveyed to the pier. A great crowd had accompanied Mr. Parnell's newly organized bodyguard, the Parnell reception committee and the numerous delegations which had come down by special train from Dublin to meet the much talked of leader the moment he placed his feet on Irish soil. As soon as the tender had been made fast Mr. Parnell's friends landed in the midst of patriotic and triumphal airs from the band and wild cheers from his supporters in the great crowd which surged about the pier and its approaches.

Mr. Parnell's associates were promptly followed by Timothy M. Healy, Maurice Healy and Mr. Kenny, all staunch supporters of Justin McCarthy and the uncompromising opponents of Mr. Parnell. The moment these latter gentlemen came in view of the pushing, swaying crowd, it became evident that they were by no means without friends in the ranks of the excited Irishmen who everywhere pressed about them. The crowd was an angry one, and hostile demonstrations were repeatedly made by the partisans of one section against those of the other. The Parnellites would shout and volley for their chief, only to be met by cat calls and derisive cheers for Mrs. O'Shea.

The last to land was Mr. Parnell, whose appearance was a signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering from his assembled supporters. He paused to deliver a very brief speech, in which he thanked his friends for the welcome they had accorded him. Mr. Parnell assured his hearers that he looked to the issue of the present fight without fear. He had in the past never led the Irish people wrong and he would not do so in the future.

Enormous crowds had gathered about the Dublin station in anticipation of the arrival of the warring parliamentarians. On the arrival of the Kingstown pier train Timothy Healy hurriedly entered a carriage and was rapidly driven away amid groans, hisses and cries of "Chief Justice Healy." When Mr. Parnell stepped from the train the shouting crowd, which had forced its way to the station platform and waiting rooms, pressed him so closely that it was with the utmost difficulty the policemen were able to clear a way for him to his cab. No sooner had this been successfully accomplished than the enthusiastic people rushed for the harness, and in a thrice the horses were unyoked. Then, surrounded on all sides by a mob of men, fighting, pushing and tearing to secure the honor of a grip on the shafts, the illustrious Irish chieftan was drawn to the Dublin residence of his friend, Dr. Kenny, member of the house of commons for South Cork. As the crowd dashed ahead at a double quick they loudly sang the national anthem, "God Save Ireland."

Upon his arrival at Dr. Kenny's house, Mr. Parnell briefly addressed the crowd which had escorted him there. Later in the day he attended a meeting of the committee of the national league and spent several hours in the work of reorganizing the Dublin national league. During the day he was waited upon by several deputations, all of which assured him of their continued confidence and support.

The following summaries will convey an idea of Irish opinion on the present troubles in the ranks of the nationalists, so far as it has been ascertained by the expression and votes of various organizations: The board of town commissioners stands 15 for Parnell and 8 against; the board of guardians 18 for and 3 against. Various branches of the national league and a number of registration societies heard from show them to stand 78 in favor of and 72 against the Irish leader. Trade and labor societies which have voted give Mr. Parnell 14 to none against. Other organized bodies at fifty five public meetings have declared—80 to 25—in favor of Mr. Parnell.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO, BOYS?

BY JOHN BRENNAN.

[A new Irish song, to an old Irish air.]

What would you do, boys, if tempted sorely,
Our Ireland's Charley, like David, fell,
And Whigs and Tories joined in a chorus,
And curs and bulldogs set up a yell?
If Ireland's Charley, tho' erring sorely,
Were still, in harness, to Ireland true,
Though Gladstone failed him and hell assailed him
We'd rally round him, that's what we'd do.

What would you do, boys, if Tommy Sexton
Attacked and vexed him and worked him woe,
And bold John Dillon were more than willin'
And Will O'Brien said "He must go?"
Though Sexton, Dillon and all were willin'
To please the Tories and Gladstone too,
We would befriend him and still defend him
With hearts and hands, boys, that's what we'd do.

What would you do, boys, with Erin bleeding,
Devoutly pleading for native laws,
And Gladstone faltered, with purpose altered,
And thus retarded the Irish cause?
We'd let him die like his predecessors,
Our land's oppressors, and still pursue
Our course defiant, and self-reliant
Sustain our Charley; that's what we'd do.

What would you do, boys, if every hater
And agitator against Parnell,
And all their great and leading statesmen
Should die tonight, boys, and go to hell?
We'd labor ever with fresh endeavor
To rid our land of the foreign crew,
But make no parley respecting Charley,
Our chosen chieftain, that's what we'd do.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B——. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

The funeral of Mr. Joseph O'Shaughnessy, took place at Newcastle West on the 11th ult. Rev. J. O'Shaughnessy, P.P., Knockaderry, brother of the deceased, and Mr. J. Murry, J.P., were the chief mourners.

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IRELAND MAKES CHOICE.

Dublin Gives Parnell One of the Grandest Receptions in Her History—An Unparalleled Turn Out of the People.

The Leader Vehemently Cheered, and Healy Badly Mobbed—Parnell's Remarkable Speech at the Rotunda.

DUBLIN, Dec. 10.—The deposed leader of the Irish party knew what he was about when he chose Dublin for opening his battle against his secession colleagues. He well knew that Dublin would give his cause an impetus in Ireland not easily overcome, but he never could have imagined such a rousing reception as he got tonight. It was all the more wonderful because so spontaneous. The great street parade tonight, arranged within three hours, included almost every man, woman, and child able to walk, shouting and cheering for Parnell. His carriage was dragged by the people from his hotel to the Rotunda, and there was great difficulty in getting Parnell into the meeting and upon the platform. For hours the building had been packed to overflowing. The air was hot and fetid. Women fainted and had to be dragged outside. Parnell came in closely followed by Campbell. The Irish leader looked pale and nervous. He got through to the platform somehow more dead than alive. He seemed full of fight. A few minutes's rest revived him, as well as the sight of the magnificent meeting, which cheered him for several minutes at a stretch. His speech was attentively listened to. But his evening's work had but just begun. He subsequently addressed an overflow meeting up stairs and an outside meeting numbering 20,000. At 11 o'clock he spoke to another big assemblage from the window of the National Club.

Mr. Parnell rode in the Lord Mayor's carriage at the head of the line. Just as the procession started a score of enthusiastic men quickly unharnessed the horses and took their places, dragging the carriage in triumph the whole way to the Rotunda. Mr. Parnell received a hearty greeting all along the route, and when the hall was reached he again experienced the greatest difficulty in making his way to the entrance. The hall had been packed almost to suffocation for an hour previous to the arrival of the procession. When Mr. Parnell finally managed to get inside he found it impossible to reach the platform in any way other than on the shoulders of the crowd and he passed to the stage over the heads of the reporters, the audience pressing forward, sweeping aside the stewards, and clambering upon the platform after him. The cheering which began when he entered the hall was kept up for several minutes, during which Messrs. Kenny and Campbell, the two Redmonds, and others forced their way to the platform.

When the tumult had subsided the lord mayor was installed in the chair and a vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell was passed amid enthusiasm. There was another burst of cheering as Mr. Parnell arose to address the audience. He said:

"I have been accused of absence from the field of battle; but I did not intend to plead tonight either excuses or reasons, believing that you, having confidence in me, would not put me to such an ordeal, but take me for what you have known me to be, and for what, please God, I will prove myself to be in the face of Ireland and my fellow countrymen. (Loud cheers.) There is need at the present crisis for discrimination and judgment against Irishmen. Well, I invite them. It is said that I was absent from the fight. Ah, gentlemen, when Wellington retired to his winter quarters within the lines at Torres Vedras his officers did not seek to put a halter around his neck. (Cheers) It is easy to make excuses for the secession and defection, but I tell you when the day comes for measuring the amount of my shortcomings (cries of 'No!') and those of my opponents the balance will not be against me. (Shouts of 'Down with the renegades!') I did not plead sickness, though God knows it was not the time, when I was crippled in health and strength and felt doubtful whether I would ever again come before you—not the time to confront me with a movement of mutiny (cries of 'Bravo!') stronger, more vindictive, disgraceful, and cowardly (cries of 'Healy!') than ever commander-in-chief was called upon to face. Ah, yes, they bided their time. They thought I was dead and that they might play around my corpse and divert the Irish nation from the true issues involved without reckoning with you and me and without taking into account the undying resolution of our race that when they found a true man they would stand by him and he by them. (Cheers) Now, I suppose this is a great crisis. Who made it? (Cries of 'Healy,' 'Sexton.') Is it I? (Cries of 'No.') Is it you, or who? (Several voices, 'Old Gladstone, the hypocrite.') We shall see some day who did this deadly thing against our race. We shall know where to affix the stain they sought to attach to me. I would, only too willingly, as a man whose heart delights in compromise, who is anxious to meet enemies and the objections of the anxious, present my smitten cheek to the smiter if by so doing I could prevent the other cheek from being smitten. I was anxious to assuage this trial, to give Ireland breathing time, to postpone the terrible issue. Why was I refused the opportunity? Why did Gladstone wait nine days after the verdict and allow the Leinster meeting before hinting that my retention was dangerous? Had he but whispered that my retirement was necessary I should have hastened to consult my comrades and rescue them from the impossible position in which they placed themselves by the Leinster resolution."

He proceeded to refer cynically to Mr. Gladstone's talk of resigning. He reminded them that Mr. Gladstone, in 1886, carried the whole weight of home rule single handed against every opposition. He continued:

"We were amazed at his strength and courage. His herculean feat convinced us here that he was the man to settle the great Irish question. We came before you on that platform, but in coming we did not surrender our independence. (Loud cheers.) This great statesman and unrivaled leader of his own people asks you to surrender your independence and depose your leader. We are here today to say to Mr. Gladstone: 'We respect you in your position; we acknowledge your immortality and the strength and power exhibited by you on so many diverse and great battlefields, but we decline to fuse with you. We decline to surrender to you the independence which has produced in you the mind in which you are today and which, please God, will continue till it has produced the fruition of our hopes.' (Cheers.) There is one distinction between the Grand Old Man—for he is a grand old man—and his colleagues. It is the distinction between the tail wagging the head and vice versa. (Laughter.) And the message that Ireland sends back to the Grand Old Man is this: 'Resume your place as the leader of your party, back up your legitimate authority, and when you have put yourself in the position of an independent leader, such as ours is, then, and not till then, will we allow our leader to treat with you upon those equal terms which alone can assure a lasting, possible, and permanent settlement.' (Cheers.)

Mr. Parnell made a sarcastic reference to the promises of Englishmen to start an anti-Parnell paper and declared that when they measured the depth of the purses of Mr. Labouchere and Prof. Stuart they would be in a position to estimate the magnitude of their opponents' forces.

Mr. Parnell continued his speech by saying that if the movement against him was honest he would yield to it immediately. "But," he said, "it is a movement of hypocrisy by a man whose home rule was skin deep, but whose hatred of Ireland was not skin deep. The main features of the movement are aberration of judgment and invincible ignorance. It depends on one sided testimony. Do you think there is no other side? (Cheers.) I need not dwell on my defense; it will be known some day. (Prolonged cheering and waving of hats.) I could not come among you and look you in the face tonight unless I knew that there was another side to the question, and that you would be content to wait before deciding that I, unworthy as I am (Cries of "No!"), am too unworthy to walk with you even in sight of the promised land, which, please God, I will enter with you." (Cries of "Parnell forever!")

Referring to the offers of office to the Irish members made by the "Grand Old Spider" in good faith and with the single ness of purpose so characteristic of the spider and the fly, the speaker declared that the present crisis was as a feather in the balance compared with the intensity and intolerable character of the situation wich would result should a single Irish member forget his pledge. He added: "That pledge not to accept office from the English government is your charter. Hold fast to it. (Cheers.) That is the ground on which I stand tonight, and you must stand if we are to succeed. We stand at the parting of the ways. It is an issue meaning life or death to the constitutional movement. You cannot, if you would, avoid the issue forced upon you. I have not promised you absolute success, but I repeat, with all the force and energy poor words and voice can give, that Ireland can win upon no other line, and if your constitutional movement is broken down, sundered, discredited, and forgotten England will be face to face with that imperishable force which tonight gives me vitality and power. (Loud cheers.) If Ireland leaves this port to which I have led her, almost in sight of victory, I will not for my part say what will accompany her future. (Cheers.) But I shall claim my right to be warned by mistakes of the past and shape my course accordingly. You may ask the meaning of this—whether I intend to cross the Rubicon and burn my boats. I will cross no Rubicon and I have no boats to burn. But my position is that of 1880, and I say to all Irishmen: "Beware, while the power is still in your hands, before you surrender forever to forces which you cannot control the illimitable power of our race which has shown itself in these Dublin streets tonight and without which I should be worthless and useless, but with which I am strong, and with which on my side I pledge myself to push forward till I have reached the goal or until a majority of the Irish people tell me that the goal is not theirs and that I must try some other method." (Cheers.)

The remainder of Mr. Parnell's speech was devoted to land and eviction questions and was a repetition of his former opinions. He then delivered a twenty minutes' speech at the overflow meeting in the concert hall, and followed this with an address from the balcony to the immense crowd outside.

At the conclusion of his speeches Mr. Parnell proceeded to the National Club, escorted by a large torchlight procession, headed by bands of music and cheered by the throngs which lined the route. Here, from a window, he made another speech, with which he closed a memorable day.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
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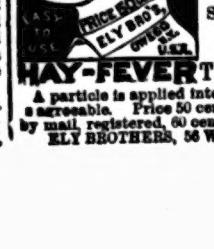

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A POSTBOY'S BRAVERY.

About a mile from the Pennsylvania village where I lived when a boy was the old north and south turnpike, the main artery of travel in those days across the northeastern tier of counties.

Down this road came rolling every afternoon, the big four horse stage coach, bringing passengers and mail from the south bound for the county town.

The mail bag for our postoffice was thrown off from the coach at the point where our village road joined the turnpike, and as my father was postmaster it was my duty to carry it from the turnpike to the village postoffice.

I had the choice of two routes for my daily journey; one by the public road and a much shorter one which cut through the woods that bounded the village on that side, and it was along that path that I usually carried the mail.

We were at that time in the midst of the civil war, and the mails were filled with tidings from the soldiers at the front, and not infrequently contained packages of money and valuables sent in Uncle Sam's care to those at home.

But the particular afternoon of which I write, the stage, for some reason which I cannot now remember, was very late. I watched the sun as it went down behind the wooded hills to the west, and I saw the twilight come creeping in across the eastern field. I sat quietly upon a roadside bank wishing for the coming of the stage, and calling to mind the probable appearance of the impatient and anxious group at the postoffice.

But the twilight grew deep, and actual darkness fell around us before the far off rumbling of wheels announced the appearance of the belated conveyance. I had been debating for some time whether I had not better go home without the mail, for I was naturally timid, and the prospect of the night journey alone through the wood, even though it was but a short distance, had terrors for me which I could not subdue. But I had been reluctant to start on account of the ridicule which I knew would follow me from one end of the route, and the disappointment which would meet me at the other, and now the stage was here.

The horses were drawn sharply up, the clatter of the wheels ceased, a cloud of dust moved forward and enveloped the coach, and out from the door in the midst of the dust stepped two men. They parleyed for a few minutes with the driver about the fare, and then disappeared in the darkness. I had a good view of their faces as I went up close to the forward wheel, and I saw that both of them, though well dressed, were evil looking in the extreme.

"Is that you, Harmon?" asked the driver, peering down at me through the shadows before throwing the mail pouch into my hands.

"Yes," I replied, complainingly, "and I've been waiting for you just two hours."

"Well, it won't take you long to get home now," he said, cheerily; then, bending down still further and beckoning me to come still closer, he added in a low voice: "You want to hang on to that mail bag tight to-night, Harmon. It's got"— A sudden starting of the horses interrupted him, he swung back into his seat, and finding that he could not readily quiet the impatient animals, he cracked his long whip over their heads, shouted out "good night!" to me, and the next minute coach, horses and driver were far down the road, swallowed up in the darkness.

"Are ye 'fraid to go down alone?" asked the farmer who had come out to see the stage go by.

"I'll bet a cookie he is!" exclaimed the farmer's boy.

"No, I ain't afraid," I said stoutly, dreading ridicule more than robbers. "There won't anything catch me to-night," I added, flinging the pouch across my shoulder and starting rapidly down the road toward home.

For a little way the road wound through fields, and this portion of my route I traversed with a stout heart. But just ahead lay the woods, a long stretch of unbroken forest, and I approached them with a dread and premonition such as, I think, I had never before nor have ever since known. I plunged into them, however, without halting or hesitation, knowing that they must be passed; but, instead of peering about for dangers in the darkness, I kept my eyes turned to the ribbon of starlit sky above the tops of the tall trees that bordered the road.

When I reached the point where the footpath started in, at the left, I stopped for a moment, debating whether I should take the short cut or follow on around by the highway. I quickly decided upon the latter course. The short distance of the narrow path, winding under interlacing tree tops, down steep embankments, through intense darkness, was no offset in my mind to the broader, lighter and less terrifying, if longer, route by the public road.

Suddenly I became aware that two men were walking with me, one on each side of me. They had come up so noiselessly that I had not heard the sound of their approach. "Good evening, my young friend," said the one on my right, "what's that you're a-carrying?"

"It's the mail bag," said I, stopping and standing still in surprise and fear.

"Is that so?" he exclaimed. "I've often wanted to lift a mail bag. Is it very heavy?"

"Not very," I replied, actually handing it to him in my bewilderment.

He took it, held it up by the end strap as high as his head and shook it gently, as if to make test of its contents.

"I believe there's a letter in there for me, Bill," he said to his companion, "and if there is it's necessary that I should have it at once. Delays are dangerous."

"The only way to find out for certain," replied the other man gruffly, "is to open the bag."

"True," responded the first speaker, "but we must not open it on the public highway; some evil minded passer by might seek to appropriate the contents thereof, which would be a crime against the government, indeed an unpardonable offense. Suppose we retire to some secluded woodland dell, and there study the situation. Young man," he added, addressing me, "you are cordially invited to accompany us."

"I—I'd rather not go," I replied, beginning for the first time to fully realize my position. "If it's all the same to you," I added, "I'll go on home."

"Well, my dear young friend and fellow worker," began the man, but his gruff voiced companion interrupted him: "Oh, let up on that, Andy! We ain't got any time to lose. Come along, young fellow!"

And before I had time to protest I was seized by one arm, hurried to the roadside, across the ditch and in among the trees. I believe I began to cry and beg; it would have been strange if I had not done so; but, in language more forceful than elegant, I was ordered to hold my peace. In the mean time the first robber was threading his way carefully through the thin underbrush among the hemlocks in thick darkness, and we were following him. It seemed to me a very long time that we journeyed thus. In reality it must have been only a few minutes. When we stopped the leader said:

"Here's a kind of an open place; let's hold up here. Bill, where's that candle?"

Presently I heard the snapping of a match, and saw Bill lighting a piece of candle which he had unrolled from a bit of newspaper. Looking around me, by the light of this candle I was not slow to recognize the place. We were in th. path of which I have spoken, on a little plateau just above the brook. Indeed the soft ripple of waters could be heard at no great distance from us.

I now for the first time recognized the two men as those whom I had seen step from the stage coach at the crossing, and I knew instinctively that they had followed me for the very purpose of robbing the mail. The one addressed as Andy had already laid the mail pouch flat on the ground, and with an open jackknife poised in one hand was passing the thumb and forefinger of the other hand carefully along the leather surface, as if considering the proper point for the blade to penetrate. I had seen butchers do the same thing before cutting up a side of beef, and the similarity of movement now was very suggestive.

"Here goes!" he said finally, pushing the knife point firmly into the leather; then, with a strong, dexterous sweep, he drew the blade down lengthwise of the bag, and laid it open nearly from top to bottom.

"Give the candle to the boy, Bill," he said, "and you help me sort this stuff over. Here, you," he added, addressing me, "hold it here, here where I can see. If you move it an inch I'll—I'll excommunicate you!"

With trembling hand, teeth chattering in my head and too greatly overcome with astonishment and fear to speak, I sat and held the flaring candle while he spread wide the gap in the ruined mail bag and poured the contents of it to the ground. The packages of papers were quickly cast aside and the bundle of letters taken up.

In those days each separate bunch of letters was carefully folded in brown paper, and the postoffice address placed on the outside before intrusting it to the mail bag. These wrappers were pulled hastily off by the robbers, and the letters inclosed in them were looked over rapidly, many of them being torn open before they were thrown down. Nearly the entire contents of the mail bag were gone over in this way before any money was found, and both men began to look disappointed and angry. At last Andy came upon a thick envelope of brown manila paper, with a seal in red wax on the back.

"Here it is!" he said, holding it up triumphantly for Bill to see. "I knew I couldn't be mistaken about its being here. Bob told me, you know, and Bob always tells the truth."

He had risen to his feet in the meantime, scattering the remainder of the letters from him disdainfully, had opened his coat, and was about to put the package into an inner breast pocket.

"Hold on!" exclaimed his companion, rising also. "Open it up, Andy; let's see how much they is in it, anyway."

"Oh, that's all right!" was the reply. "I know how much there is in it. We'll open it when we get to a safer place. Come, let's fix the boy and get out o' this."

I trembled till the candle nearly dropped from my hand. What did he mean by fixing the boy? I presume I should have begun to cry and beg again had not Bill spoken up somewhat threateningly:

"Look here, Andy! That's the trick you played the last time. You pocketed the swag an' held off an' spent it, till it turned out I didn't get more'n half my fair share. That's played out. I want a divvy on this, and I want it now."

Andy looked at him coolly a minute before replying.

"You had your fair share of everything that wasn't spent in common," he replied at last. "Now, don't be a fool, Bill. I'll keep the money, an' when we get to a safe place you'll get what belongs to you." He made again as if to put the package in his pocket, but before he could do so Bill had seized his arm. "Divide!" he exclaimed gruffly. "I say divide, an' do it now."

Even by the dim light of the flaring candle I could see the red and white passion glowing in Andy's face.

"Hands off, you dog!" he cried, "hands off, or I'll hurt you!"

But the other only tightened his grip and muttered the one word:

"Divide!"

For a moment there was silence. The two men stood there glaring into each other's eyes, and I, with the candle tipping in my hand and the melted tallow burning my fingers, stared at them in stupid fright. Suddenly there was a whirling fist, the sound of a sharp blow, and the next instant the two men were writhing in each other's arms.

The package over which they fought was hurled from Andy's grasp, struck the candle in my hand, and both package and candle fell at my feet. Involuntarily I stooped and picked the treasure up, and even as I did so the candle spluttered on the damp ground and went out. The darkness was intense.

But the fight went on. Curses, blows, the tearing of garments, all sounds of a hand-to-hand contest told that the men were still fiercely engaged.

In that moment I gathered my wits together long enough to plan my escape. Starting out along the path, crawling on my hands and knees, feeling my way, I moved rapidly down the hill.

After a little I gained sufficient courage to rise and walk, and presently I found myself at the bank of the stream. Here I dropped again upon my hands and crept across the log that spanned the brook. On the other side I stopped for a moment and listened. The fight was still in progress. I could hear the curses, the thrashing of the leaves, the cries of rage and pain, then the sharp report of a pistol, and after that silence. But in a minute some one appeared to be coming down the path as I had come. I thought they were giving chase to me, and I turned and scrambled up the hill.

The way was long and steep, but the woods on this side of the brook were not so heavy, and my eyes, accustomed again to the darkness, were of much service to me. But I imagined that the robbers were still following me. I thought I heard the crashing of the underbrush, and once I was sure they called out to me to stop.

Familiar with every foot of the path, and clambering rapidly as I was up the steep hillside, it still seemed to me that I was going at a snail's pace. I had had the presence of mind to cling to the package, and I now thrust it into the pocket of my coat that I might use both hands in climbing, grasping roots, twigs, sod, anything to accelerate my progress.

Finally I reached the top of the hill, and soon afterward the end of the path where it met the highway. From here on the road was level, and I ran. Behind me I heard shouting, calling, a confusion of noises, but I never turned. Down through the village street I sped, past the light in the houses, in at the open door of the postoffice, and stumbling at the door sill, fell headlong upon the floor.

"They've robbed the mail!" I cried to the astonished assemblage. "They've robbed the mail—they're after me—I saved the money." And drawing the package from my pocket I placed it in the hands of the clerk and sank exhausted in a chair. For a few moments the excitement ran high. Everybody questioned me at the same time, but I managed to make enough of my story understood to give them a clew to the situation, and in a very short time a party started out in search of the robbers.

Not fifty yards from the door they met my father and a neighbor, who had gone out half an hour earlier to meet me, and between them they supported the drooping form of a man. It was Bill. He was covered with wounds and exhausted from the loss of blood. It seems that my father and his companion had gone out to the turnpike by the public road, and then finding that I was already on my way home they had come back by the path, hoping to overtake me. Near the foot of the hill they had come suddenly on the wounded robber, the cut mail bag and the scattered letters. Though greatly alarmed for my safety, my father waited to gather up the mail and to help the wounded robber along; but I shall never forget his look of relief when he saw me sitting safe but exhausted in the big chair at home, in the midst of an admiring and sympathizing circle.

Bill recovered from his wounds, and served a term of years in prison for his offense, but Andy was never captured, and even his identity was never known.

The mail package contained $500 in crisp, new government bills.—Homer Green in Philadelphia Press.

Indian Currency.

J. A. Smithers says: A good deal of Indian wampum, or money, is occasionally found in the southeastern parts of this state, and a curious feature of it is the fact that it exactly resembles that found in the Indian graves of New England and Canada, showing that the same kind of currency must have been in circulation among the Indians all over this continent. There are two kinds found everywhere in America—the white and the purple, the former being common and cheap, the latter scarce and costly. The purple was made from the eye of the clam shell, the white from the stem of the periwinkle shell. The aim of the wampum makers seems to have been to have the beads uniform, smooth and highly polished, though by what means they bored a hole through so hard a substance is unknown. The labor expended on the shells must have been enormous, and fully justified the estimation in which the wampum was held.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It was formerly supposed that clay was useful only for embankments, for making bricks or pottery. But now a most useful and beautiful metal is extracted therefrom, and clay banks, rich in aluminium, will soon be as valuable as iron mines.

How He Came to Marry.

The romance of the life of the fur dealer the late John Ruszits is interesting. Some thirty years ago, while abroad on a business trip, he visited a friend at Stockholm, Sweden. While in conversation with his friend in the latter's parlor he heard music in the next room. The pianist was a young lady from Bremen, who was visiting there. Mr. Ruszits turned to his friend and said, "If I should ever marry I would like to marry a woman like that." The gentleman went to the door and called the young lady in. "What do you think Mr. Ruszits just said?" he inquired. Of course the lady didn't know. Mr. Ruszits struck in and said, "Well, I am not afraid to repeat it," and he proceeded to do so. The lady looked at him thoughtfully for a moment or two and then said, "Well, I will accept." Thus his marriage came about.—Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.

WHERE CHRIST LIVED.

MODERN ASPECT OF MANY PLACES IN BIBLE HISTORY.

The Sea of Galilee—The Dwelling Place of Herod—Probable Site of Capernaum. The First Christian Church—The Mount of Beatitudes—Other Scenes.

The best view of the Sea of Galilee is from Safed, a town several thousand feet above the sea level. About this little inland sea, that is only 17 miles long and between 6 and 9 miles wide, were enacted some of the most sacred scenes in the world's history. There is now but little life along the shores, for wars, pestilence and other causes have tended to bring what was once a rich garden spot to ruin, but there can still be witnessed the daily occurrences told of in Scripture. There are fishermen casting their nets, sheep following good shepherds, lilies in the fields, scattered flocks, and the sea is tossed by sudden storms. The eastern coast is possessed by Bedouins, and the western side, once thickly populated by hardy, energetic mountaineers in favor with Christ, is quite desolate, with only a few scattered hamlets.

At the period of its prosperity, when Christ was living at Nazareth with his parents, the country was under Roman government, Herod being the ruler. A high state of excitement prevailed. The Roman yoke was heavy upon the Jews and conflicts were frequent. Herod was living at Tiberias, and the lavish expenditure of money and labor made the place palatial. In addition to this the extensive hot springs near drew many rich and influential who were in poor health, all combining to make Tiberias the center of Roman civilization. The Sea of Galilee was affected by all this. Vessels of all kinds were numerous, quays dotted the shores and activity was great.

At this time Tiberias is visited by pilgrims who come from all directions to end their days in the holy city and to bathe in the springs. South of these baths on the western shore there is nothing of interest but the departure of the Jordan from the sea. The river continues to the south, running through fertile meadows and between the hills which border it. A ford is there. Formerly there was a bridge, with a long, extended causeway. A great sea wall kept the turbulent waters under control. Even now the Jordan often plunges and swirls as though maddened by the interruption of the lake and drives hastily onward, only to be intercepted again and brought to a standstill by the Dead Sea. Mounds of the rubbish are at the southern end of the Sea of Galilee, they being all there is to show where the Roman city of Tarichea once stood. Tiberias can be fixed from a distance by the tall minaret of the mosque.

The first Christian church there is said to have been built in the Fourth century by Constantine. It stood on the site of the mosque and was called St. Peter's At one time Tiberias had thirteen synagogues. The oldest is yet well preserved, although 1,000 years and over have passed since it was erected. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the center is a great cagelike inclosure constructed of wood, which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading place.

Ascending the steps which lead to the interior the rabbi opened the scroll and began to teach the law. Beyond this there is but little to interest. The magnificence of the past has succumbed to present needs. Millstones are cut from the syenite columns or temples, porphyry columns are cut out for public drinking troughs, and floors for thrashers are paved with frieze chiseled with Greek designs by Herod's commands.

The nearest town to the north is Magdala. It must have been important in its best days. It is even now a halting place on the caravan road from Jerusalem to Damascus, Bagdad and Nineveh. Khan Minyeh, believed by some to have been the site of ancient Capernaum, is the next point north. Tell Hum is an hour's journey from Khan Minyeh, and has ruins thought to be of the synagogue built by a Roman mentioned in Luke vii, 5. They claim that it was there Christ spoke on the "Bread of Life." Many think this point was where Capernaum stood, and is where Zebedee, James, John, Andrew and Peter lived, and where four disciples were called to be "fishers of men."

Continuing the journey a spot is reached that is accepted as the place where Jesus sat when "teaching the multitudes" who followed him. "Kurun Hattin"—the "Horns of Hattin"—the supposed "Mount of the Beatitudes"—are upon the mountain ridge followed in journeying from Safed to the Sea of Galilee. Below them is a wide plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated while listening to the Sermon on the Mount when the sweetness of the Beatitudes was revealed to them.

The two "horns" of Hattin seem to have been protected by massive structures. The approach to the higher one is easy from one side, while to the northeast there is a sheer ascent of over 700 feet. The white limestone hills, the basaltic cliffs, the modern village of Hattin in the plain below, the orange groves and the fruit gardens, the waving grain, the varied families of flowers and the group of Druse farmers present pictures at every glance.

From the historical mountain top is seen Sared, the city which some scholars believe to be the place alluded to by Jesus when he said, "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

In July, 1187, the plain of Hattin was the gathering place of the Crusaders—the spot where they were hemmed in by the hosts that Saladin led against them.

The mountains of the Hauran on the east and the Jaulan on the south are visible. When the air is clear the line of the Jordan may be made out creeping through the jungle to the Dead Sea. - Palestine Letter.

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A MATTER OF PORCINE IDENTITY.

Not the Value of the Pig, but the Importance of the Principle.

Two or three lawyers were talking of old lawsuits the other day, when one of the oldest members of the Indianapolis bar remarked: "I remember the Perry township pig case that took up a good part of one term of court, having come up through a justice's office. The case was tried, I believe, by governor Wallace, father of our postmaster, and there were at least two firms of lawyers on each side. Sims Colley and Thomas Walpole were in the case, and so far as Mr. Colley was concerned, he was then in the full power of his renown.

The case gave him full opportunity for the display of his picturesque genius, and the drolleries he infused into it long furnished matter of laughter for the bar. Mr. Colley, however, no matter how absurdly droll he might become, never lost sight of the best interests of his client, and certainly never lost sight of his own in the shape of as fat a fee as it was possible to obtain.

"The question was about the identity of a shoat," continued the lawyer. "The witnesses on one side swore it was a pig in a barnyard, and had never been out until it had been put into a pen, from which it was taken to be slaughtered. The witnesses on the other side swore that they had known it from the time it was a suckling. But the great point was the proof of an ear mark. One claimant, sustained by one set of witnesses, said he marked an ear of the shoat with his pocket knife, and the cut was explained at great length to the jury. The other claimant said the mark on the ear of his shoat was torn by the teeth of a dog. It was at this stage of the testimony that a sensational feature was introduced. One witness, having brought his testimony to an exciting point, added a climax by pulling from his pocket a pickled pig's ear, which he declared to be the ear of the shoat in question.

"This created a great uproar in the court room, as the effect of this pictorial testimony upon the jury could not be measured. This witness with the ear was, however, measurably discredited, and the case went on. Medical experts were called in to testify as to what the difference in appearance would be between a shoat's ear cut with a knife and one torn by the teeth of a dog. The experts did not agree, and the jury disagreed, and another trial was held, the second jury disagreeing as the first had done. Charges of perjury were made on each side, and a number of assault and battery cases grew out of it. The costs of litigation were between $400 and $500 on each side."

"What was the shoat worth?"

"About $1.50; but the litigants were fighting for principle."—Indianapolis Journal.

Plucking the Ostriches.

The plucking at the ostrich farm was the chief attraction, and consequently the management received considerable patronage. It is a very novel sight, and those present were well paid for their journey to witness it. The preliminary tussle in which the bird which is to undergo the ordeal is captured is the most exciting part of the performance. After he is caught and a sack placed over his head he becomes as manageable as a kitten, but to catch him it takes four and sometimes five men, so great is their strength. They have twenty-nine birds at the farm, besides two Australian emus, monkeys, parrots, elk, bear, badgers, wildcats, etc. In speaking with one of the attendants your correspondent learned that they clear about $100 per bird yearly. The place is well kept, and well worth a visit by tourists who visit this locality.—Santa Monica Cor. Los Angeles Express.

The Credit Due a Yankee.

A writer in an English publication ingeniously credits the water jet propulsion system to the "octopus, the cuttle fish" and other "old forms of marine creatures." We do not wish to dispute any claim that may be set up for priority of discovery by the octopus, or the cuttle fish, but it seems to us that since American mechanicians have been the first to adopt the theory and apply it to the propulsion of vessels they deserve some recognition. This our British writer seems unwilling to accord, not even mentioning the American's work, and, though evidently getting his entire stock of information from American sources, treats the invention as though a discovery made by himself in partnership with the octopus.—Safety Valve.

The Blue Jay's Song.

Did you ever hear a blue jay sing? Some people are incredulous concerning this, but we have heard the jays too often to have any doubts upon the subject. This bird, whose common note is of all bird voices most harsh and vexatious, can sing, under his breath, like a canary. But when he does sing it is always beneath some safe cover, in a dense thicket of cedars or spruces usually. For our own part we like the birds that can sing everywhere; but if the range of sweetness must be limited, let the softest strain be always reserved for the home, for the cover underneath which lies the nest.—Chicago Interior.

The Writing Telegraph.

The writing telegraph, which had at first but a tardy recognition at the hands of the commercial public, is now being extensively used. There is no question as to the value of an invention which secures absolute immunity from error in the transmission of messages and communications from one place to another. The written communication at the receiving end of the line is a duplicate of the message sent, so that the actual writing of the sender is reproduced in the message received.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Army and Navy Death Rates.

Army and navy death rates in time of war and peace deserve much attention. The official tables give us not only the number of men killed in action, but the relative tendency to disease in divers armies. For example, in the Crimean war the British army lost 2,840 men killed on the field and 21,000 who died in hospital. It took 910 Russian shots to kill or mortally wound an Englishman or a Frenchman, and 700 English shots to kill a Russian; but the havoc caused by disease was far greater. If we study these statistics with attention and act upon them, we may reduce our campaigning losses by 50 per cent. We may also learn some interesting physiological facts, as that the proportion of Frenchmen who die after amputation or other surgical operation is greater than of British or Russians.—Contemporary Review.

The Lost Tribes of Israel.

I wonder if there has ever been any correct answer made to the query, "What became of the ten lost tribes of Israel?" Of course nothing certain can be known as to this matter. Writers must content themselves with speculative opinions based upon hypothesis and altogether conjectural. It has been argued after this manner that the eighteenth chapter of Isaiah has reference to the descendants of the lost tribes who settled North America, but I never "could see it." These tribes, we are taught, settled, at some period after they were carried away from Palestine, somewhere between the Caspian and Black seas, and pushed on from there into Sarmatia, occupying the country between the Danube and the Don rivers, whence they were driven by the successive invasions of the Tartars, even as far north as Lapland, Scandinavia, Denmark and the British Isles—spreading all over Europe.

It is seriously contended that the Angles, Saxons and Celts are undoubtedly the direct descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh; and that our thirteen colonies represented the "thirteen tribes which settled in Palestine under the rule of Joshua, which colonies were made up mostly of the descendants of Joseph.

The reasoning by which this teaching is urged upon our acceptance is plausible and quite ingenious; but altogether too much has to be taken for granted.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Enemies of Trapdoor Spiders.

It is difficult to say what may be the enemies of the trapdoor spider, against which such ingenious architecture has been reared and such vigilant watch is exercised. But the quite general testimony is that these spiders leave their tubes at night and go forth in search of prey, or, as in other cases, open the lids of their tunnels and spread straggling lines near by, upon which passing insects are entangled and delayed long enough to allow the spiders to pounce upon them from their open caves. If we credit these accounts we might infer that the enemies which the trapdoor spiders most dread are not such as are abroad at night.

Evidently the creatures are fearless at that time—a state of mind which doubtless results from their knowledge that they are comparatively free from their worst enemies. The enemies which they most dread may therefore be reasonably looked for among diurnal creatures, and not among those of nocturnal habits. Among these foes at least one of the most formidable and irresistible is a diurnal insect, the female of the terrible digger wasp, which I do not doubt will be found to store trap door spiders as well as tarantulas and lycosids.—Henry C. McCook, D. D., in Popular Science.

CLUB OF THE FUTURE.

KATE FIELD'S IDEA OF AN ORGANIZATION FOR BOTH SEXES.

The Necessity of Such an Institution. Reasons Why Women Should Enjoy the Benefits of Club Life as Well as Men. Life Will Be Pleasanter for All.

Some of us were startled a while ago by reading that certain New York women had founded a woman's club. I was very glad to learn of the innovation, and have been fighting in its defense privately ever since, as the idea seems to be particularly obnoxious to the average intellect. Why should there not be clubs not for men only nor for women only, but for men and women, which could become social centers in the elongated babel of New York? Only the very wealthy can now afford to entertain. Well to do intelligence starves for lack of a natural interchange of ideas and sympathies. Occasional theatre parties and suppers, while significantly expensive, no more nourish healthy friendships than lightning nourishes the growing grass.

Confine the healthy ebullition of social instinct, and explosion ensues. If women are to be helpmates to their husbands, if they are to be wise mothers, they must know the real world by actual contact. Without freedom there is no intelligent virtue. Many a man, from inherited habits of thought, entertains oriental ideas without knowing it.

FEATURES OF THE CLUB.

nk treason, I dare say. Hence I am d for many a feminine shriek of or the howl that will rend manly bosom, for the scorn that upon many a manly counte- for the anathemas against the ng of the sex that will proceed many a manly tongue; but howl, n and anathema are not argument, l argument is what I want.

Women require relaxation as well as men; women need the friction of intelligent minds more than men, for the reason that their lives are more secluded; women, especially those who live in the suburbs, need a place of rendezvous where they can read papers and magazines and encounter their friends unceremoniously. More particularly do they need a restaurant where they can obtain palatable meals for reasonable prices, and where they can invite friends to breakfast, lunch or dine without making great inroads upon their purses.

Year by year the army of professional women increases. All of these women are more or less clever; few are blessed with fortunes. All feel the necessity of a club, but to start one is not feasible. What is less impossible and more natural is such an addition to the present system as will give women all they desire without depriving men of their inalienable right to smoke, drink and wear their heels higher than their heads.

A vivid imagination can picture a club, consisting of two or more houses, with rooms exclusively for men, rooms exclusively for women, a general reading room and restaurant, private dining rooms and general reception rooms.

IT IS COMING.

Men who hate women and women who hate men need never encounter one another, while men and women who believe that two halves make a whole could exceed the Century club of New York in the brilliancy of their Saturday nights. Society is becoming more and more complex, and today there is far less chance of clever men and women meeting in big American towns than there is in London, because people in this country rarely have leisure.

Unless they give themselves up to dinner parties—never knowing beside whom they are to sit, and generally longing to be at the other end of the table—they are frequently doomed to go through an entire season without an interchange of ideas with their best friends.

Suppose all this changed. Suppose women know that on a given night in the week they are almost certain to encounter not one but many male friends, who are things of beauty and joys forever; suppose men know that on this same evening they are sure of seeing many women who are never at home when they find time to call; how simplified society becomes! And where is the unwomanliness of this proposal?

In the club of the future only such persons will be admitted as are in the habit of behaving like ladies and gentlemen. I fail to perceive why men and women of acknowledged position and intelligence, who conduct themselves properly in drawing rooms and public balls, should become transformed by occasional contact at clubs.

In all probability the club of the future will not be born during the reign of the present generation, but that society will eventually resort to some such device as I have suggested is as certain as that lunches and 5 o'clock teas are death to digestion and impossible for workers. —Kate Field's Washington.

Tapioca.

The manioc or cassava is a native of South America, but it has been successfully introduced for cultivation into Africa and other tropical countries. It is a bushy shrub, six to ten feet high, with large leaves near the ends of the branches. The articles prepared for commerce come from the roots or tubers, which are large and like turnips, but frequently weighing as high as thirty pounds. They contain a milky juice rich in starch, but also rich in hydrocyanic acid, which makes the juice—in its natural state—a very deadly poison.

The acid is driven out by heat and the remainder of the juice is extracted by boiling. The grated root makes what is known in the tropics as cassava or cassava bread, and is used for food. The starch, extracted, is exported as Brazilian arrowroot, and tapioca is made from it by a heating process which bursts the starch granules and causes some chemical changes.—Good Housekeeping

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All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John (arney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; P A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 350 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Bouse, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latua, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Para hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2341 Hanover st.

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St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brosy, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; E Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st, Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittenbmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 880 N Boyne av, Edmond O'Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Panel, C R, 188 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 220 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 256 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawlonb, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lunk, R S, 229 Bluehawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

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St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas H Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 3:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1432 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 616 Thirty-second st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3235 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 851 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 929 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P., Michael C. Fredl, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av.; M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 652 Forty-third-st., John Moore, Fin. Sec., Mon Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twenty st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F Sweeney, Pres., 275 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P., J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, south Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P. Dennis Foley, Rec. Sec., John Bohan, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2802 Deering st.; V.-P., John J. Roche. Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce. Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall. Loch st and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div No 15—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, at George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, F. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lane sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeoghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 250 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenn, 3229 Wentworth av; V. P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 227 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas. James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1098 W. Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3329 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases. Constipation and Biliousness.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased. To Patrick Seery, Esther Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery, heirs-at-law and next of kin of said decedent.

Take Notice, that on the 16th day of February, A. D. 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, her final account, as administratrix of said estate, and ask that the same be approved; that said estate be declared settled, and the undersigned discharged from her said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present if you so desire.

Chicago, December 11th, A. D. 1890.
ESTHER SEERY,
Administratrix of said estate.
M. E. Ames, Attorney for Administratrix.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof. CLARA T. MARTIN and ELLEN R. MARTIN, Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

H. R. EAGLE

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Washable Face, Closing Eyes, Partly Dressed, Fancy Hair, etc.,

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Painted Child's Wheelbarrow,

12 Cents Each.

Good Cooking Raisins	5⅞ cents per lb
Quarter Box London Layer Table Raisins	68 cents
20 pounds New Orleans Sugar for	$1.00

CANDIES.

A. B. Gum Drops, per lb	5 cents
Broken Stick Candy, per lb	8 cents
Broken Lump Candy, per lb	9 cents
Mixed Candy, per lb	9 cents
Children's Choice Mixed, per lb	14 cents
American Mixed, per lb	15 cents
French Burnt Almonds, per lb	22 cents
Hand-Made Caramels, per lb	22 cents
Finest Marshmallows, per lb	38 cents
Finest French Mixed, in 1 lb boxes	25 cents
Finest French Crystallized Fruits, usually sold for $1.50 per lb; our price, per lb	48 cents
Good Rolling Pins, each	1 cent
A 3 pound can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	8 cents
A gallon can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	21 cents
A 2 pound can New York Sweet Corn for	9 cents
A 3 pound can California Table Peaches for	18 cents
A 3 pound can California Apricots for	18 cents
A 3 pound can California Asparagus for	5 cents
A 3 pound can Baltimore Pie Peaches for	10 cents
A 2 pound can Blueberries for	5 cents
A 2 pound can Marrowfat Peas for	8 cents
1 pound cans Alaska Salmon for	9 cents
Job Lot Smoking Tobacco, per lb	7 cents
Job Lot Plug Tobacco, per lb	19 cents
Spear Head Plug Tobacco, per lb	34 cents
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	5⅞ cents
Large Box French Shoe Blacking for	5 cents
Half-gallon bottle Home-Made Catsup for	20 cents
Polished Hardwood Fancy Dining Room Chairs, each	75 cents

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Diamond Medal Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl	$4.99
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Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl $4.98

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2.40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2- lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3- lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 30
3- lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3- lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3- lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	96
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 70
2 lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn. This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.	11c	1 25
2 lb cans Paxton Corn	9c	1 05
2- lb cans Oneida Co., N. Y., Sweet Corn	9c	1 05

SOAPS.

33 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	10c	$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	12c	1 30
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb	25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb	35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb	50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb	25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb	35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb	50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb	25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb	50 cents

COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for	$1 00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for	1 00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, per lb	20 cts
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb	20c

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Men's Suits and Overcoats, $12, $15, $16 50, $18, $20, and up.

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Physicians Couldn't Cure Him.

SEDAMSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried it unsuccessfully for 8 months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.

People can hardly believe it.

JERSEYVILLE, ILL., May 30th, 1888.
I take pleasure to let you known that my boy is still all right, he has not had any of the spasms since about March 20th. The people can hardly believe it from the fact that he had as many as 18 a day or more. I believe he was a very nervous child all his life but did not show any signs of spasms until last December, after which they came in regular succession, and I had 3 doctors attending who could do nothing for him, nor even tell us what was the matter. I had despaired of his ever getting well, until I got Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After taking not quite a bottleful he got quite well and has not had the least sign of spasms since. Respectfully Yours,
MRS. E. LEYTON.

I testify to the facts as stated above to be strictly true. JAS. HARTY, Pastor.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.
Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.
A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.
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